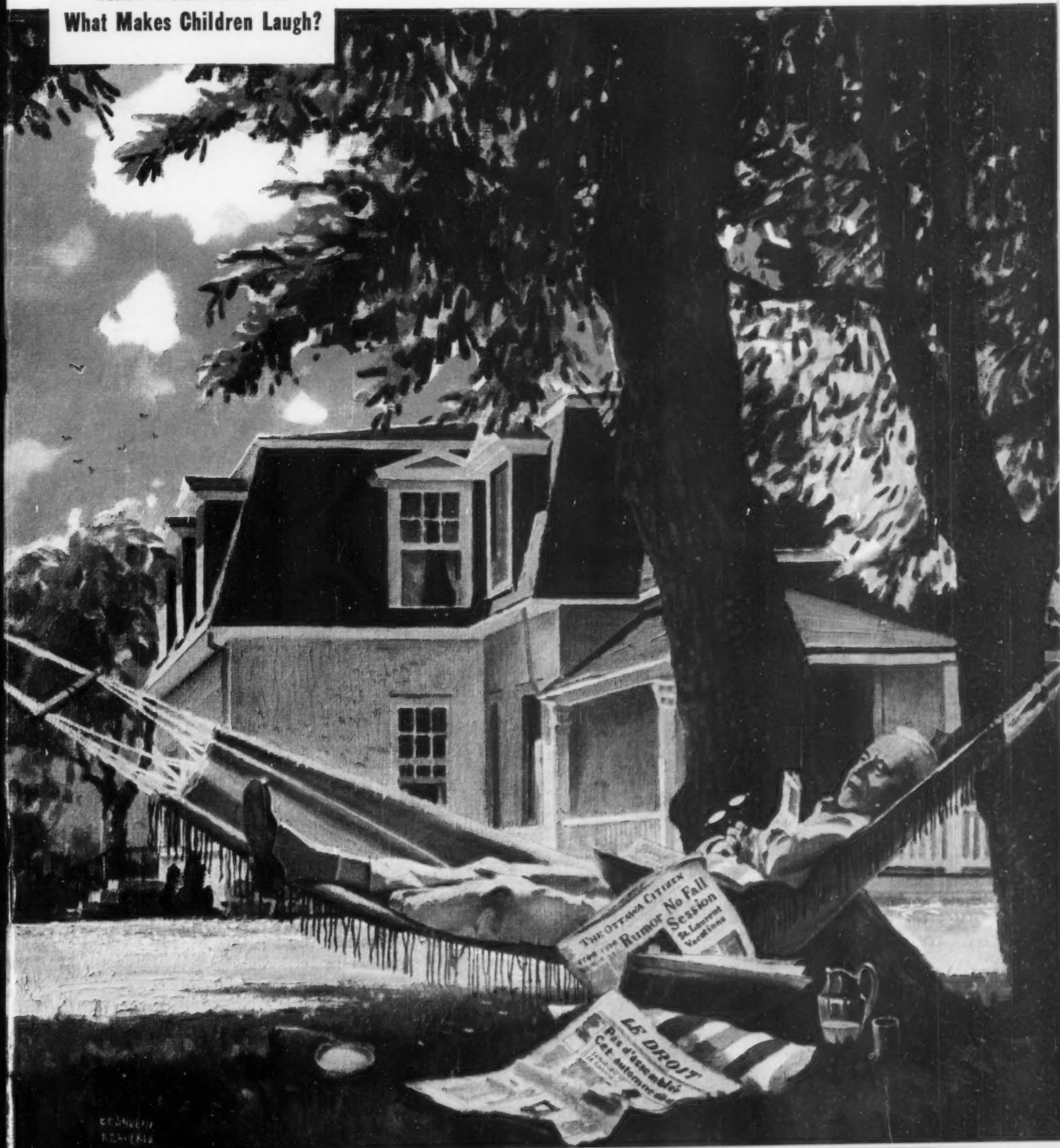


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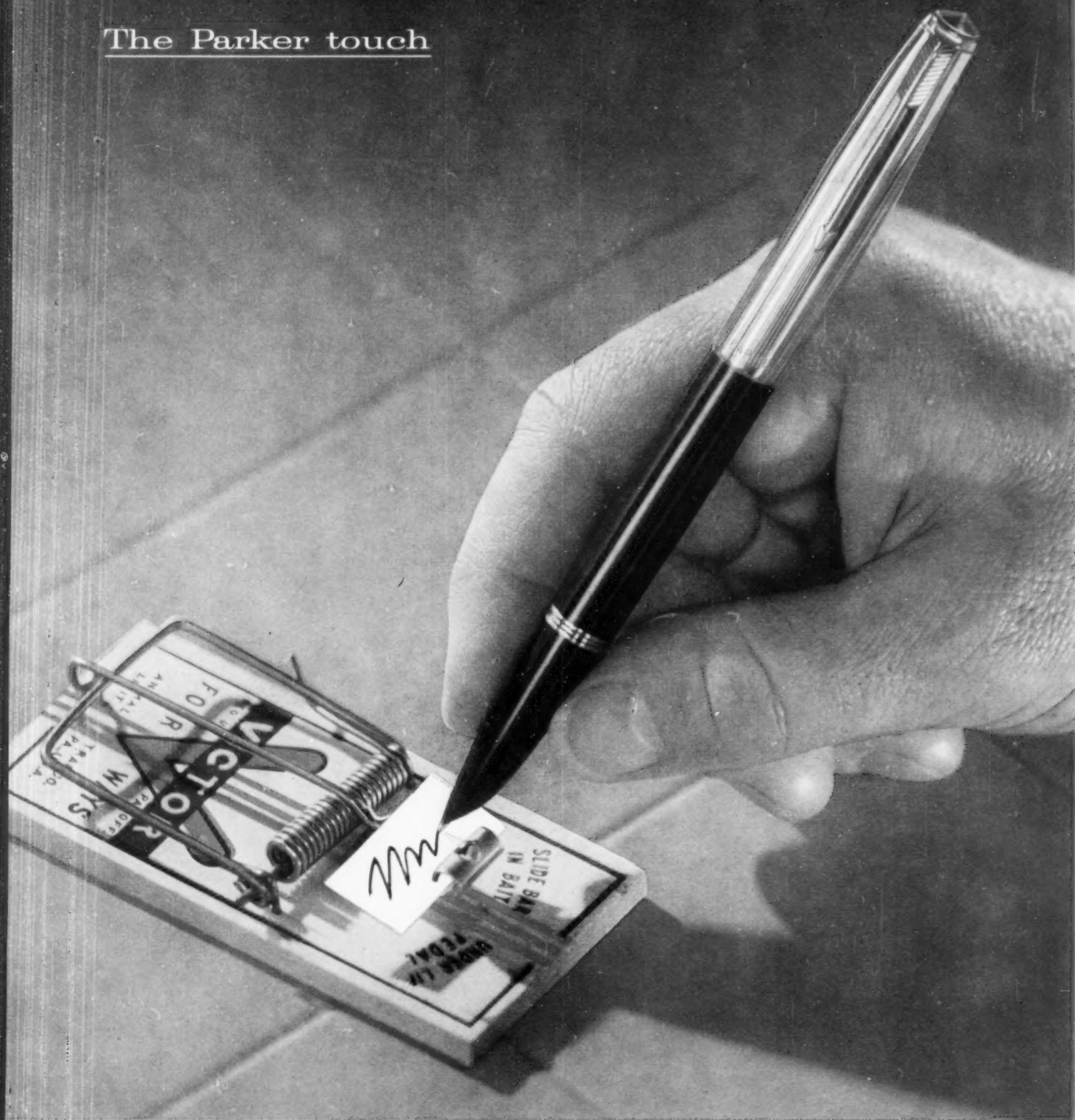
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EDITORIAL

Geneva is the beginning but not the end

TWO DIFFERENT kinds of pessimist are commenting on the new atmosphere of sweetness and light that the Russians have lately exuded.

One points out that this sweet talk is all very well, but actions speak louder and so far the Russians haven't produced any actions to prove they are really mending their ways. They still hold captive all of east Europe, including half of Germany. They still operate a Communist Party which, however laughably embarrassed it may be about platforms and doctrines, is still the cheapest espionage system on earth and a useful fifth column everywhere. They still command the world's biggest standing army, one that we could hardly hope to stop by any means short of nuclear war.

These cold hard facts are not to be dispelled by a few rounds of toast drinking at Geneva or the United Nations. To one sort of pessimist they prove that we are still in the same dire plight we were in six months ago: No change. The other school of pessimism thinks the picture has changed, but for the worse. As one distinguished NATO general remarked a few months ago, "We never had it so good as when Stalin was alive." Every time the free world was threatened with a bout of wishful thinking and was tempted to relax, some new outrage set us re-arming again.

Now, under the smarter leadership of the Khrushchevs and Bulganins and Molotovs, the Russians are lulling us with soft words, possibly hoping that the free world will thus be induced to let its guard down. And, say these deeper pessimists, they are all too likely to succeed.

Both sets of critics seem to us naive; and, for quite similar reasons, both mistaken.

Both overlook the basic and permanent fact that Communist countries and free countries are enemies. They are competing against each other for the loyalty of uncommitted millions and the hegemony of uncommitted continents. If the Russians have now decided to compete with the West in presenting themselves as nice guys, so much the better—the West has had a lot more practice. Not all the toasts, not all the offers of military blueprints can alter or even obscure the fact that each power bloc seeks the other's undoing.

But there are more ways to undo an enemy than the method blind Samson used against the Philistines—pulling down the pillars on friend and foe alike. That unquestionably is what nuclear warfare has become. The great news of 1955, the meaning of the talks at Geneva and after, is that both sides seem to have recognized and accepted this military stalemate. They seem willing to pursue their quarrel by political instead of military means.

In some places, and for the short run, the Communists appear better equipped for this political struggle. Their International is in many misgoverned lands the only visible instrument of change, and it is the only political party with any pretense to world-wide discipline. Nevertheless, Communists have yet to win their first election anywhere in the world. No depth of poverty or ignorance, no weight of ancient tyranny has yet persuaded a majority to adopt Communism voluntarily.

If the free world is able to offer its own freedom to all nations, we need have no fear of losing the bloodless battle which is the nearest thing to peace we can hope to get. And it looks now as if we might get it.

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LONDON LETTER

BY *Beverley Baxter*



Sir Walter and the Workingman

THE CRAZY railway strike was over. The crazy seamen's strike was still on. Sir Walter Monckton, the Minister of Labor, rose to open the debate in the Commons on the industrial situation.

As always he was courteous and scrupulously fair but as the interruptions came from all sections of the Labor Party benches the shadows under his eyes darkened and his shoulders drooped with fatigue.

When the time came for winding up the debate Sir Walter was not in his place. Outraged nature had at last taken its revenge. The debonair Monckton was on the verge of collapse and had been ordered to rest.

When I heard the news my mind went back to 1951, a few days after the Conservatives had been returned to power following six years of socialist government. Parliament had not yet assembled but in the smoke room of the House of Commons I saw Monckton sitting pensively in a comfortable chair, staring at nothing in particular.

I offered a penny for his thoughts and he smiled ruefully. "Every man is entitled to his ambitions," he said. "I knew that Churchill was forming his ministry so I sat by my telephone and never left it. There was no particular reason why I should be given office but there is always hope. And sure enough, the summons came."

He waved his hand rather like a conductor bringing the violins into action. "I did not drive to Number Ten," he said. "I danced along the streets. As a lawyer, I knew that I would come out of Downing Street as solicitor-general or attorney-general."

"Well . . . ?" I asked.

"Well . . ." he echoed. "Ten minutes later Churchill chuckled me out. I was Minister of Labor! And just to add to the fun, Winston said he was reducing all cabinet salaries from five thousand pounds to four thousand."

Monckton might have added that as a divorced man he had two wives to support; no doubt it was in the back of his mind. At any rate there was his task—to take over the Ministry of Labor at a period of fierce resentment in the labor ranks following their government's defeat. And for five years he has served his sentence without any remission for good conduct. Truly the ambitions of men lead them into strange paths.

Monckton was born sixty-four years ago but his figure has remained slim and youthful and his hair is plentiful and dark. In a favorable light he could pass for fifty.

Without any effort he exudes unaffected charm, for he is totally without conceit or pomposity. In World War I he was awarded the

MC in France but almost certainly never disliked the Germans. As a young fellow he went to Oxford and of course became president of the Oxford Union. He did not have to open a door—it was always ajar wherever he wanted to enter.

But temperamentally he was drawn to lost causes. He was an official adviser to the Indian princes when independence was ending the subcontinent's day of glory. He was attorney-general to the Prince of Wales and, when in later years the abdication crisis came, it was Monckton who stood by the side of the young King until a destroyer took Edward away to France and the beginning of his wanderings in exile.

It would require all my space, and more, to enumerate the various offices that Monckton held after that. Suffice it to say that finally he entered the House of Commons as a Conservative a few weeks before the general



A weary Minister of Labor tells Britain that the seventeen-day railway strike is over.

Continued on page 30



BLAIR FRASER BACKSTAGE At Ottawa



What It Costs To Be Independent

BECAUSE Canadians are quicker to talk about national independence than to put up money to prove it, Canadian students are in danger of losing \$125,000 worth of scholarships now being granted in the humanities and the social sciences. U. S. foundations that have been giving the money are willing to continue doing so, but only if it's matched by some reasonable fraction from Canadian sources.

Although it has had plenty of warning, the federal government is not yet ready to do anything about this problem. Eventually it hopes to do so, but meanwhile it is humbly hoping that the U. S. foundations can be persuaded to carry on for one more year.

Scholarships in jeopardy are the one hundred and thirty-odd awarded each year by the Canadian Social Science Research Council and the Humanities Research Council of Canada. Some are relatively small grants for summer work, others are year-round scholarships of up to two thousand dollars apiece. They were established with the idea of offsetting the heavy emphasis on scientific and technical research in the distribution of scholarship funds. All the money was put up by the Rockefeller and the Carnegie Foundations, which contribute ninety thousand dollars and thirty-five thousand dollars a year respectively.

At the outset the grants were quite unconditional. The Rockefeller Foundation has given about twelve million dollars to various Canadian causes since 1914, the Carnegie about eight million since 1911. It seemed the most natural thing in the world, to all concerned on both sides of the international border, that plans for

aid to the humanities in Canada should receive American support.

But then, four years ago, the Royal Commission on National Development in the Arts, Letters and Sciences made its report. It paid high tribute to the generosity of U. S. foundations to Canada, but it also expressed some doubts. In the opening section, which is generally supposed to have been written by the present governor-general Vincent Massey, the report had this to say:

"We have gained much (from U. S. aid). In this preliminary stocktaking of Canadian cultural life it may be fair to enquire whether we have gained a little too much... Granted that most of these American donations are good in themselves, it does not follow that they have always been good for Canadians. We have not much right to be proud of our record as patrons of the arts. Is it possible that, beside the munificence of a Carnegie or a Rockefeller, Canadian contributions look so small that it seems hardly worthwhile making them? Or have we learned, wrongly, from our neighbor an unnecessary dependence on the contributions of the rich?... Perhaps we have been tempted by a too-easy benevolence, but this leaves us in an undignified position, unworthy of our real power and prestige."

Of course the Massey commission intended these words as a spur to Canadians, not as a reproach to open-handed Americans. Nonetheless, the U. S. foundations were understandably nettled. If their "too-easy benevolence" was putting Canada in an "undignified position," the error could be easily corrected. They were impeccably polite and moderate in their

Continued on page 67



Are you sure your child is ready for school?

Here they come... Canada's youth... ready to start or return to school!

Never before in our nation's history have we had such a bumper crop of school-age citizens. In fact, enrollment this year will soar to more than 3 million students, including almost 500 thousand who will be off to school for the first time.

Has anything been overlooked that might interfere with their physical and mental well-being... or that might handicap them in their studies or affect their attendance records?

Fortunately, there is something that all parents can do to make sure that their children are ready for school. They can include a medical check-up on the list of ahead-of-school preparations.

A check-up... for both youngsters and teen-agers... may be the means of correcting unsuspected defects of vision, hearing, posture or general health. Sometimes these defects are at least partially responsible for low grades or emotional troubles.

The physician who has known your child over the years is best qualified to give pre-school medical check-ups because he has a complete picture of the child's health. He will also be alert to minor troubles which parents might not notice. Impairments that can be corrected now may avoid more serious trouble later on.

For the child just starting school, it is important that his immunizations against communicable diseases are up to date. In

addition to making your child immune to smallpox, diphtheria, whooping cough and tetanus, medical authorities now advise that vaccine lessens your child's chances of getting polio.

It is wise to discuss a definite immunization program with your doctor... including "booster doses" to renew immunity... well before school opens.

During the teen years, when the growing-up process imposes considerable mental and physical stresses, health check-ups are especially needed. Many problems, including those associated with growth and emotional adjustment, often require expert attention. In addition, changes in diet or in habits of play, or sleep, or exercise may be made for the child's benefit.

If medical examinations are not a part of your youngster's preparation for school, why not start them now... and continue them throughout the school years? Parents who do so will have the satisfaction of knowing that their child has been given one of the best safeguards for health and happiness during this and future years in school.

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HOUSEWIVES PRAY in a North York bungalow for the success of the crusade. These "cottage meetings" tie in with a mid-morning Graham radio program.

Billy Graham's Capture



Campaign to Toronto

BY LESLIE F. HANNON

With twenty-five thousand housewives already at prayer, the city's churches mobilized and a snowballing publicity drive under way, the Billy Graham Machine is all set to give Toronto the Good the kind of treatment that stunned London

TWO YEARS ago Billy Graham shook his heavy Bible at forty-two thousand people jammed into Briggs Stadium, where the Detroit Tigers usually draw around ten thousand, and shouted into his dual microphones: "Why are people attending these meetings in such vast numbers? They are not coming to hear me. They are trying to find spiritual peace in these days of fear and insecurity . . ."

There was another reason the handsome evangelist didn't mention: the astonishing pulling power of the Billy Graham Machine, a publicity-planning-public relations juggernaut that had lurched into motion in the Detroit area twenty months earlier. Capitalizing on

Continued on next page



THE STAR. Dr. William Franklin Graham Jr., now thirty-seven, as he thundered his salvation message at Toronto week-end revival in 1954.



THE CROWD. Torontonians stood in hundreds to hear Graham last year. Emboldened organizers decided to plunge on a full-scale crusade.

To set the stage for the Toronto crusade took three years of planning, a \$100,000 bankroll,

Graham's great personal appeal and organizing with an attention to detail hitherto unknown in religious affairs, it finally coaxed 363,030 repentant sinners and curious onlookers into Graham's magnetic presence. Six thousand nine hundred and eighty of them made "decisions for Christ." Since then, its equipment and methods continually sharpened and refined, the machine has rolled to tremendous successes in the United Kingdom, France, Germany and Holland.

Now it is Toronto's, and Canada's, turn to marvel at the Billy Graham Machine.

From September 18 to October 16 Graham is scheduled to conduct the biggest revival Canada has ever seen in the biggest arenas Toronto has available. From Metropolitan Toronto with its population of one and a quarter million, plus an assist from towns and villages within a hundred-mile radius, the machine confidently expects an attendance of three hundred thousand and a salvation tally of ten thousand. This confidence and the expectation that the Toronto results will far surpass Detroit's—the campaign there lasted five weeks against Toronto's four—is supported by the attendance of 3,139,365 at the crusades in Britain last spring.

The Graham organization is unique in church history. Compounded in almost equal parts of the lessons of Dale Carnegie, the precepts of the Harvard Business School and a showmanship that recalls Phineas T. Barnum, it is unaffiliated with any church. Yet its crusades are eagerly sought and backed to the hilt by the large majority of the traditional Protestant denominations. It now operates under the personal endorsement of Queen Elizabeth and President Eisenhower which safely lifts it beyond cynical criticism of "selling salvation at a profit."

The headquarters of the machine is the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association Inc., of Minneapolis. There a staff that reaches one hundred and twenty at peak periods backstops for the free-wheeling Graham Team as it ranges across the world running one-night stands, week-end revivals and full-dress crusades that make the campaigns of Billy Sunday seem like quaint horse-and-buggy memories. Insisting on a broad invitation from local Protestants, and demanding from them both a large corps of volunteer workers and a severe schedule of labor, the Graham machine dictates every move in a crusade such as Toronto is expecting. Nominal authority and all financial responsibility—excepting for Graham himself, whose salary of \$15,000 is paid out of contributions sent directly to Minneapolis—is in the hands of the local committee of church leaders and laymen, but as the members of the Graham team come to town, at various stages of the buildup, they quietly assume command.

"It is a delight to see the Billy Graham Machine at work," says Dr. E. Crossley Hunter, of Trinity United Church, who is co-chairman of the Toronto crusade committee. "There are no ragged ends, no loopholes." Graham himself has said that if Christ or the Apostle Paul had had the twentieth-century selling methods developed by U. S. business, they would have used them just as he does.

Over the last few weeks as the machine gathered full speed nearly everybody in Canada who could be reached by the printed or spoken word, or via the movie screen and television tube, felt the preliminary pressures that herald the approach of Billy Graham. But the real strength of his organization lies in its depth. Not weeks, not months, but three years of patient, meticulous, prayerful—and sometimes frustrating—preparation lie behind the Toronto crusade this fall.

This, then, is the story of how Billy Graham planned his campaign to capture Toronto.

Early in 1952, more than twelve months before Graham was exhorting the crowd in Detroit's Briggs Stadium to make "a decision for Christ" (eight hundred and fifty-six did that afternoon), the first move was made to get Graham to shake up the complacent souls of Toronto the Good.

Tempted by reports of Graham's big revivals in cities like San Francisco, Washington and Seattle, and reassured by the Graham technique of channeling all his converts into the established churches, a group of fifty Toronto Protestant clergymen met informally in Dr. Hunter's Trinity Church. They were mostly representing United and Baptist congregations with a strong section of fundamentalists. They appointed the Rev. Allan Ferry, of Old Davenport United, to contact Graham at his headquarters and invite him to stage a revival in Toronto.

After a long wait a reply came expressing polite interest in the proposal, emphasizing the heavy schedule facing the Rev. Dr. Graham . . . This dampening reaction cooled the enthusiasm of the Toronto group noticeably and soon only seventeen churches—most of them of a fundamentalist, highly evangelistic character—were still showing active interest.

The Billy Graham Machine thus taught Toronto its first lesson.

It does not accept an invitation for a major campaign unless it is issued by an overwhelming majority of the Protestant churches in a city; cool-headed appraisal must indicate that the invitation is not merely the last-ditch hope of a bunch of pastors that the Graham magic will round up their errant flocks; the local committee must be aware of the high price of a Graham crusade and be patently capable of raising the cash; it must also be aware of the tremendous amount of work it will be called upon to



THE COMMITTEE. These men lead Toronto volunteers. From left: Gus Ambrose (phoning), Douglas Percy, Matthew Leith, E. Crossley Hunter.



GRAHAM TEAMSTER Charlie Riggs was early on the Toronto scene to direct the flood of paper work. He's a former oil-fields worker.

one trial spin, a lot of sweat and headaches

execute efficiently and obediently; it must be able to list the names of prominent men of numerous denominations, both ministers and laymen, on its organizing committee. And these almost prohibitive conditions are only the preliminaries that must be met.

None of this was specifically stated in the official reply from the Billy Graham Evangelistic Association Inc. Graham's services are never offered to anybody on any conditions: rather does he pick and choose among the acceptable invitations that keep him booked up at least eighteen months ahead. But the terms were made known unofficially, through Graham's personal connections in Toronto.

It is hard for a layman to understand why "connections" and this kind of negotiation should be necessary among men all solemnly dedicated to serving the one God. But the Graham organization has long since learned to steer a nimble path through the maze of denominations and sects and groups that sometimes make the world of religion just as bewildering as, say, the stock market. For instance, Toronto today boasts a total of 575 churches, representing no fewer than 181 denominations.

Graham, himself a Southern Baptist, is an Old Testament man, a four-square believer in the literal heaven and hell, and so are all the members of his team. "Heaven," Graham has preached, from Revelations, "is sixteen hundred miles long, sixteen hundred miles wide and sixteen hundred miles high . . . Along the streets of gold Jesus drives up and down in a jeweled chariot when not conferring in a great council hall with God the Father and God the Holy Spirit." So it's not surprising that, although the Graham machine insists on its interdenominational character, its closest connections world-wide are among those who believe that the Theory of Evolution is a major work of Satan.

These fundamentalist churches and groups, in Canada as in all Western countries, are outweighed in numbers, wealth and temporal influence by the main body of the traditional Protestant denominations which are mostly led by liberal theologians—that is, ministers who do not necessarily take every word of the Bible, particularly the Old Testament, literally.

This, then, poses an interesting paradox: the churches and groups who believe most wholeheartedly in Graham's theology must be willing to sit in the back seat, at least officially, because of the Graham policy of demanding the support of the old-line churches. An added bitter pill is that the fundamentalist churches, those proponents of muscular Christianity, are well aware that their own enthusiasm will allot them the greater part of the hard work involved in organizing the revival.

That this pill can be swallowed with a smile, *Continued on page 58*



HAPPY SALESMAN: Mme. Benoit uses her clients' products at home. Her income is said to run to five figures.



HAPPY HUSBAND: M. Benoit, a Montreal businessman, relaxes before dinner in parlor of their Westmount home.



HAPPY HOME: They share a home-cooked Chinese dinner by candlelight. The main dish was Cantonese Stir Fry.

BY SCOTT YOUNG

FOOD, LOVE, AND

Madame Benoit

A LITTLE more than a year ago Louise Simard, producer of a CBC French-language radio program called *Femina*, was in a quandary. *Femina's* mail was light and Miss Simard felt that without adequate listener response she couldn't really be sure how her programs were being received. Talking over this problem with another producer one day, she got this advice: "There's only one sure way to make listeners write letters. Take them by the stomach." And that, says Miss Simard, was when she thought of asking Jehane Benoit to take over one of *Femina's* three-a-week periods of fifteen minutes each. Now *Femina's* mail has grown from a few hundred to about two thousand letters a month, most of them wholly or in part a response to *Madame Benoit*, her recipes and advice on food and cooking, and her infinite variations on the theme that "a man is never more romantic than when he has had a good meal."

The exponent of this warm creed is a plump dark fifty-one-year-old grandmother with a generous mouth and sparkling eyes and matronly bosom, who studied food chemistry at the Sorbonne, dietetics at the University of Lyons, fine cooking in the kitchens of Paris' famous Cordon Bleu, is a practicing cook in her Montreal household and also is a well-paid adviser to seven large food and appliance companies. (Her yearly income is believed to run to five figures but she steadfastly refuses to confirm or deny speculation on the subject.) For the last seven years she has written a food column for the Canadian French-language magazine, *La Revue Moderne*, which this autumn will bring out a book called *Cuisinons*, a collection of recipes and menus from her columns under that name. A cookbook she wrote in French in the late Forties has sold eighty-five thousand copies in Quebec. In English, she writes occasionally for the magazine *Marketing*, giving advice to advertisers on how to approach the *Canadien* market, and will begin a column on basic cooking this month for *Canadian Homes and Gardens*. *Madame's* broadcasting experience goes back more than ten years. On her first show in Montreal she offered a lively mixture of recipes and woman-talk about men. More recently she appeared on a national television show called *Living*, now off the air, demonstrating such things as how to give French bread a lift with garlic or curry or chives butter, and how to spike chicken pies with sherry.

For two weeks each year since 1950 ("One week in French, one in English, then you bore neither," she says) she has drawn three thousand women a day to a Montreal theatre taken over for her cooking school by Steinberg's, a large grocery chain. And in Montreal this September 21 she will face what may be the largest live audience a cook ever has had. As part of a Swift Canadian centennial celebration, Mme. Benoit has been booked into the Montreal Forum for a one-day cooking class that may draw as many as ten thousand people to see and hear this Montrealer to whom the words food, art, and love are, like the branches in the popular song, inseparably intertwined.

What they will see is a woman unlike any dietitian they ever saw before. She scorns such tools

"The way to a man's heart is through his stomach."

With this old saw as her theme song,
Montreal's Jehane Benoit has added TV stardom
to a list of jobs that would stagger a stevedore.
Yet she still has time
to serve her husband breakfast in bed

of her trade as starched white smocks and bales of measuring spoons. (A friend who is also a home economist says, "Madame doesn't exactly look down on the usual type of home economist but sometimes she thinks they are a pretty dull lot, and sometimes they are.") Usually she wears a black dress, often with a low neckline, small earrings, and when she puts salt or a spice or herb into a recipe she shakes it into her hand, glances at it for size, then throws it in, while dietitians and home economists brought up in the gospel of strict measurements wince.

She talks as if everyone in the audience was a favorite young friend who had come in for dinner and was observing from a kitchen stool while the food was being prepared. "Any woman who approaches cooking with a feeling of boredom is one who has never really learned the fundamentals of cooking," she says. "The art of cookery is to have fun. Try big things, and you'll never be bored. And cooking is an art, just like painting or sculpture or dancing." When she adds, "Of course, a woman in love cooks much, much better," this is delivered with a smile which implies that since of course they are all in love, they understand one another, and her audiences chuckle and relax in an atmosphere of gossip about food and relatives and love and the needs of men.

I had lunch with her one day at her big home in Westmount, where she was born and brought up and where her parents lived with her until their deaths recently. I think what we ate that lunchtime came about in a way typical of her very personal approach to food. We had met a few days earlier in Toronto during television rehearsals. During one break in the several run-throughs between 1.30 p.m. and when the show was aired at 7.30 we were talking, naturally about food, and specifically about good ways of cooking lobster.

"You like them?" she asked.

"Very much."

"Then next week I will do lobster for you." She would do them, she said, *à la Bretonne* (for recipe, see box at right). She described it the way she talks food with everyone, relating it to a local culture, and travel, and people, closing her eyes and making a rapturous face to show how wonderful this way was. And she told me how she first had eaten it this way, one evening when she and her husband went to the Brittany beaches as the lobster fishermen were coming in with their catch. They ate lobster with the fishermen on the beach, without knives or forks and with folded newspaper serving as plates.

And so *à la Bretonne* was the way we had our lobster in Montreal with Madame's husband and a friend. But first there was a savory of two layers of pasta made green by fresh spinach cooked right into it, the layers filled with chicken and tomato and cheese and baked in the oven. Dessert was a wonderful *torte*—a thin rich European cake filled with fruit or nuts—and cold fruit from an iced bowl, followed by *café espresso*. The lobster recipe when she wrote it out for me later was as above, with a touch of her own sometimes swerving English: "Split a live lobster in two," it began. "If you are squirmish, get the butcher to do it..."

That's the way she likes to talk about cooking—the feeling first, the details second. But like any artist, she knows the basics are necessary before

any cook can soar, and to the tens of thousands of cooks she has instructed in nearly thirty years of running cooking classes large and small, her first advice is always on basics. "First," she tells them, "you have to know how to cook a roast well. You do not sear it, for that shrinks the meat and does not keep the juices in, as many believe. A paste of one part mustard and two parts butter does the job much better, the mustard sealing the pores through which the juices escape. Don't baste it, either. Don't cook it in water, don't cover it, and cook it bone side down and fat side up.

"Then you have to know how to make a good soup or bouillon; then to cook vegetables properly—which means don't cook them too much. You have to know what kind of cookery should be applied to what you buy, and by reading and experimenting and listening to good cooks get your own sense of judgment regarding flavoring and combining foods. You should also pay a lot of attention then to the arrangement of the food on a plate—make it look as beautiful as possible. But when you have all this, use your imagination. A woman should cook the way she puts on a dress—pulling it this way or that to flatter her own personality, using a bit of color here or a bit of daring there until it is her."

She is herself a very good example of this kind of individuality. Anyone watching rehearsals of her television appearances on Living last winter couldn't help contrasting her with the girls often present as models for the fashion parts of the program. They were thin so they could wear the clothes of the moment and they soberly sipped cups of black coffee to help stay that thin. Although off-camera some of them had individuality, when the camera swung their way the hard training of the model schools molded and regimented the cool prettiness of their expressions. When their part of the show was over, here was Mme. Benoit, frankly plump and happy. One program I watched in rehearsal had picnics as its theme. The cast had been filmed while on a picnic, for which Madame had prepared the food. This included stuffed eggs wrapped individually and put back in egg boxes to keep them from mashing together, chicken fried and the pieces wrapped individually for the same reason and port jelly made with Canadian port wine, pectin and sugar. The potato salad had been made with French dressing instead of mayonnaise to keep it from becoming soggy. Another attractive and fluffy salad was a new one on me—pearlseed salad. For this, Madame told me later, you boil for ten minutes one package of tiny round pearl macaroni in two quarts of water. Drain and rinse under cold water. When well drained add $\frac{3}{4}$ cup sour cream (commercial type), $\frac{1}{4}$ cup minced shallots (green and white), 1 tablespoon dill seeds or 3 tablespoons fresh minced dills, 1 teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon black pepper, $\frac{1}{4}$ cup finely minced fresh celery leaves. Mix well. Taste for seasoning and throw in more if you feel like it. Serve either cold or at house temperature.

When the film of this picnic was being shown, members of the cast kept up a running and hungry commentary. Again the contrast between Madame and the models was striking, and she noticed it in her own way. When the screen showed her stocky figure moving around arranging the food she suddenly burst out merrily, "One thing I don't like about picnics is bending

Continued on page 44



Mme. Benoit's own recipe for Lobster *à la Bretonne*

While touring France, Mme. Benoit and her husband visited the Brittany beaches where they shared a lobster dinner prepared on the sands by fishermen. Here she tells how you can prepare the dish in your own kitchen:

"Split a live lobster lengthwise. If you shrink from the job, have the fishmonger do it for you. Squeeze a clove of garlic onto the lobster halves. Now prepare the pan. For myself, I like to use an old copper pan because it shows up the beauty of the lobster. Put in liberal chunks of unsalted butter, then add cognac—follow your fancy with the brandy but don't drown the lobster. To this add a sprinkle of rosemary. Place the lobster halves in the pan and put the pan in a 400 degree oven and cook for fifteen minutes. If you broil keep the pan four inches from the heat. Or, if you're a barbecue fan, wrap the lobster in aluminum foil and place it over red coals for twenty minutes. When cooked, baste the meat with the fragrant sauce. Then serve and eat immediately. If you're serving this for a party and you wish to give the plate a glamorous look, place a bowl of wild rice between the lobster halves on the plate. Flavor the rice with saffron, chives and port and, of course, lots of butter. For extra flavor—and this is a favorite trick of mine—serve as a vegetable with the grilled lobster one pound of thinly sliced raw mushrooms, pouring over them when ready to serve two cups of onions fried golden brown. The secret is to pour the red hot onions over the mushrooms. Add salt and pepper to taste. A dash or so of brandy never hurts!"



Giant buffalo, some weighing almost a ton, wheel across the snowy prairies of Wood Buffalo Park, goaded by plane toward a slaughter pen in annual roundup.

The wilderness home where our Buffalo roam

There were only a few buffalo left when the government staked out this park and left them to live in luxury. Now they're the biggest herd in the world and help feed hungry tribes of gourmets and Indians. But the trickiest job is rounding them up by plane

BY MAC REYNOLDS

ONE DAY last winter, a red-and-yellow de Havilland Beaver aircraft was cleared from the airport at Fort Smith, at the southern boundary of the Northwest Territories, on what seemed like a flight back through time. Ayliffe Pat Carey, a bush pilot, and Evan H. Essex, a game warden, were off hunting buffalo, as though it were the middle of the nineteenth century. Although almost any Canadian could tell them they might as well hunt dinosaurs, Carey and Essex, who knew better, weren't after one trophy but five hundred. They couldn't miss, for they were flying into Wood Buffalo Park, whose staggering mass of more than seventeen thousand square miles straddles the Northwest Territories-Alberta border like a giant carpenter's square. And Wood Buffalo Park, besides being the most northerly national park in Canada, and the largest wild-life preserve on the North American continent, just happens to be the stomping ground of no less than twenty thousand wild buffalo, the greatest herd in the world.

It's a fact that is not widely known. As superintendent of this park which lies immediately south and west of Fort Smith, Evan Essex receives the odd letter, presumably from someone who has read something in a newspaper filler, granting him at least a degree of recognition. Usually the writer requests five dollars' worth of buffalo meat because he hears that it's cheap.

Essex might be excused if he bristled at being classed as a mail-order buffalo butcher, for he bosses an empire so large that planes, helicopters, snowmobiles, motorized toboggans and dog sleds must be used to span its distances.

While it might seem hard to overlook a block of land one hundred and seventy-eight miles long and one hundred and forty-five miles wide, one that could more than comfortably wrap itself around Prince Edward Island and Vancouver Island, most Canadians do just that. And it's not as though this animal sanctuary in the Mackenzie Basin has been sprung suddenly on the nation. The buffalo were old hands on the range when Sam Hearne, the explorer, passed through at the beginning of the 1770s. Moreover, the range has been a national park since December 18, 1922, and its one-ton,



Evan Essex (left), superintendent of park, and pilot Pat Carey map their flight plan for roundup in park's seventeen-thousand-square-mile expanse.

humpbacked, bearded crofters had been under the protection of the federal government for more than a decade before that.

Still, only one man who could even vaguely be called a tourist, and an American at that, has breached the comparative isolation of the park since 1949. He was a New York zoologist who blew in by plane because he'd heard rumors there might be a few buffalo around. Essex put him up, for there is no tourist accommodation in the park, and the zoologist became so fascinated that he stayed to help fight the midsummer forest fires.

In the narrow sense, the zoologist did not find any buffalo, for the only true buffalo are to be found in Africa and Asia. What he found at Wood Buffalo Park were really bison, the mammals with the high hump between their massive shoulders and the tufted tail, which once ranged a third of our continent. He found them far from vanishing.

The park's twenty thousand buffalo—that is Essex' estimate based on helicopter checks—are increasing at the considerable rate of eight percent a year, far outstripping the park's original purpose—to serve as a "preserve for a small nucleus of wild bison in their native state" with provisions for "small slaughtering for relief purposes."

To thin out this expanding herd as well as to

provide meat for the north's famine relief, twelve hundred of the buffalo have been slaughtered in the past four years. But since the herd is increasing so rapidly, it may not be so long before the range will be sheltering the forty thousand buffalo Essex feels it adequately can handle.

Some of the meat, such as the tongue and the tenderloin and the hump, goes east to the big hotels where there is something of a gourmet demand for it. Some of it goes to butchers in Fort Smith, a village of five hundred, where it enjoys no special popularity, and some of it is treated with poison and set out around the park as wolf bait. About half of it, however, is stockpiled in a large Fort Smith cold storage locker for relief. It is dropped by the RCAF and by bush pilots to starving Eskimos around the rim of the Arctic, and to missions. Buffalo skins from the park find their way to the eastern Arctic on the C. D. Howe, a Department of Transport supply ship, to serve as blankets, and Indians make handicraft products from the horns.

Without fanfare, Canada's unknown park has become the meatbasket of an often needy north. And yet, even the Canadian government apparently underestimates its potential by seemingly hiding its potential, allowing it to remain in isolation, except by plane, for all but the summer months of the year.

Year-round the life cycle in Wood Buffalo Park is thrilling, frequently beautiful, often bloody and never dull. And no one senses its dramatic dimensions more than Evan Essex, a towering, boisterous, capable man of thirty-seven who once made his living running logs through the white water of British Columbia's upper Fraser. Essex was a sergeant-major in the army during the war. Afterward, he got a laborer's job slashing paths through the woods of Jasper National Park, and soon became the park warden. He arrived in Fort Smith, the administrative centre for the sprawling Mackenzie District of the Northwest Territories, in 1949.

He didn't have to dig too deeply into history to find he was lucky to have any buffalo to boss at all.

The massive animals that impressed explorer Sam Hearne were a different breed from the buffalo of the plains. They were bigger, healthier, rougher and tougher. They were called wood buffalo, and thus the name for the park. There were one hundred and fifty thousand of them in the rangeland on which Fort Smith fringes and the rangeland then was ten times larger than Wood Buffalo Park is today. Hearne said he saw *Continued on page 53*

Buffalo calves graze while the bulls stand guard against marauding wolves. The herd — twenty thousand strong — is increasing by eight percent a year.





The Spirit of the Bank of

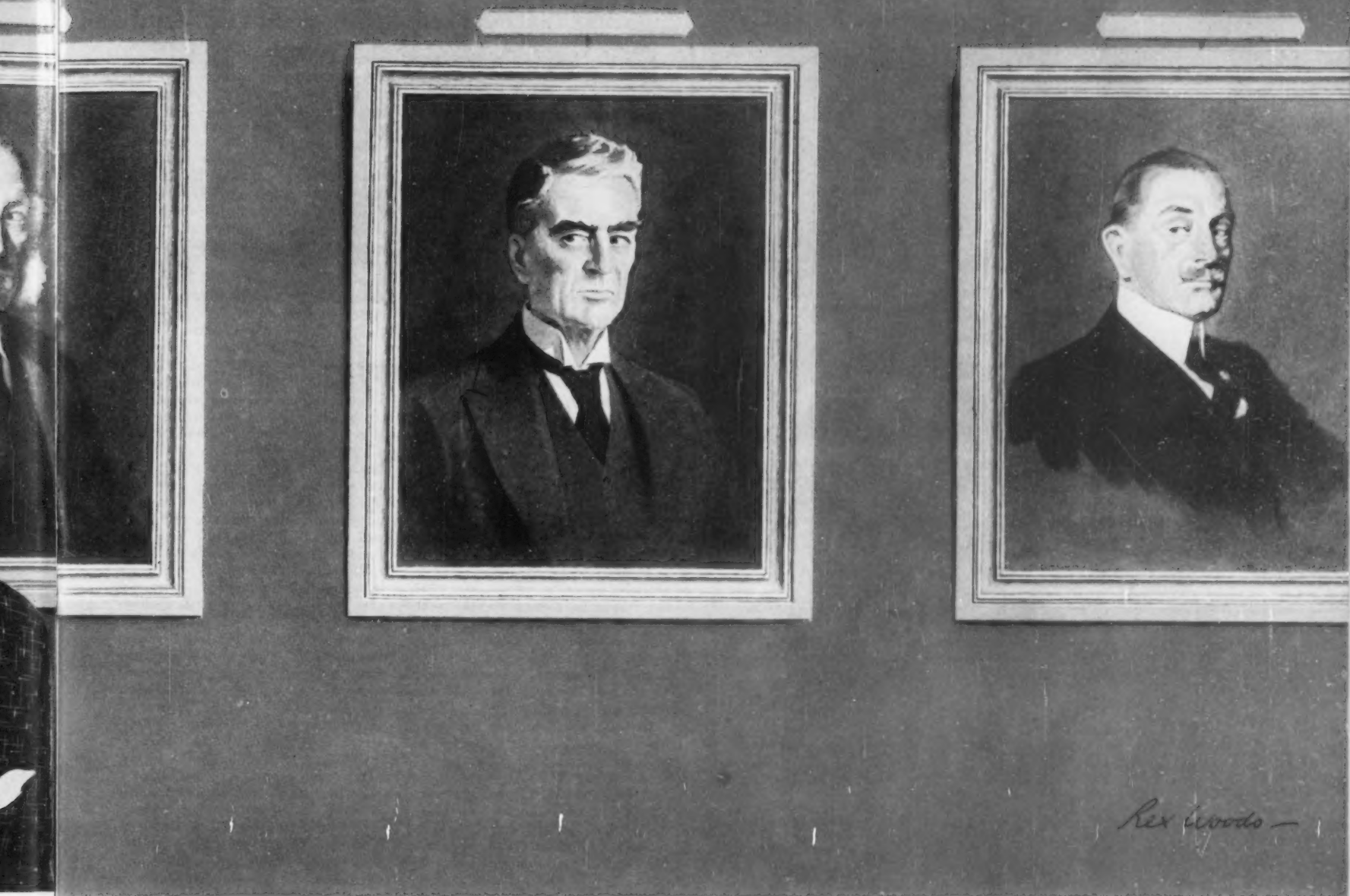
Ghost writing came naturally
to the president's confidential assistant. He'd been
dead for thirty-eight years

BY MICHAEL SHELDON

SECOND PRIZE, MACLEAN'S SHORT-STORY CONTEST

THE BELIEF is widely held that presidents of the Bank of Lower Canada have always written their own speeches, but in fact between 1876 and 1954 they were the work of Mr. Percy Aikinshaw.

Mr. Aikinshaw, an editorial writer on the Pall Mall Gazette, becoming involved in an unhappy situation of a bigamous nature, found it wiser to seek his fortune in the New World. He was a gentle home-loving person, so fond of homes indeed that he kept two going at the same time, and he did not at all relish this sally into the rough unknown. But on his arrival in Montreal he was lucky enough to find lodgings with a kindly widow who kept a well-heated home on Bleury Street, and there he stayed until the day of his death. This widow had a brother occupying a sound position in the middle rank of the hierarchy of the Bank of Lower Canada, and he



The ghostly Mr. Aikinshaw brooded in the closet. Blake Jopson, in his sharp suits, loud ties and his crew cut, was a sorry successor to the elegant presidents of the past.

f Lower Canada

recommended Mr. Aikinshaw to Lord Memphremagog, president of the bank, who was then looking for a confidential assistant.

Lord Memphremagog found Mr. Aikinshaw a man of good taste and vocabulary, and he was installed in a small, cozy room adjoining the presidential office. Originally intended as an ample clothes closet, it proved an ideal confidential nook for a confidential assistant, and Mr. Aikinshaw was delighted with it. He was thirty-eight when he was appointed to his post a month after his arrival in Montreal and he lived to perform his duties for another forty years. He died at his desk on Christmas Eve 1916 of a sudden heart attack which may have been brought on by suffocation.

Sir Andrew McMaster was then president of the Bank of Lower Canada. He had inherited Mr. Aikinshaw from Lord Memphremagog and was

particularly distressed to lose him at this time, for he was due to address the Toronto branch of the Sons of Empire early in January.

He went into the dead man's office to see whether by chance Mr. Aikinshaw had left some notes for the speech and realized, at first with shocked astonishment but then with sincere delight, that Mr. Aikinshaw was still there. The presence he encountered could hear and understand him and could in reply convey thoughts to his brain. Mr. Aikinshaw dictated a forceful and dignified speech and, in his relief at receiving this assistance, Sir Andrew was quite willing to take on the additional chore of writing it out himself.

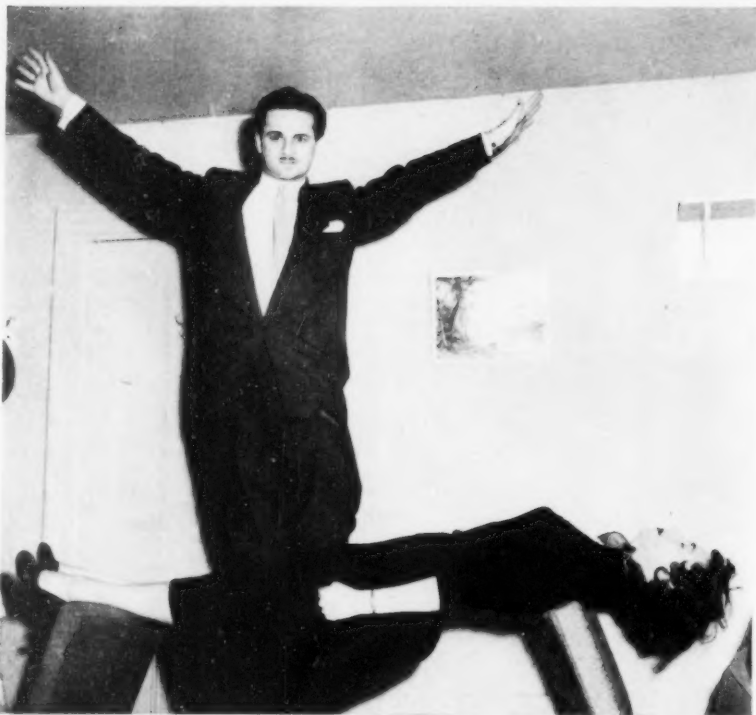
Luckily, Mr. Aikinshaw's function had never been officially acknowledged, and so the fact that the president's ghost had become a ghost was not of major consequence. Sir Andrew, however, realized

that it would not increase the confidence of either investors or depositors if he revealed the source of his continuing inspiration, and he kept it entirely secret until he was succeeded as president by Sir Herbert Fothergill. He then presented Sir Herbert to Mr. Aikinshaw, and Mr. Aikinshaw readily agreed to remain at his post.

The tradition, passed on by Sir Herbert in his turn, was broken only in 1954 when Blake Jopson became president. Blake Jopson had no use for tradition. A farmer's son, he had risen to the top through simple, rugged ability, and his self-declared role in the bank was that of new broom. One of the first things he decided to sweep out was the musty closet sacred to the memory of Percy Aikinshaw.

It was not just a matter of removing Mr. Aikinshaw's presence. For years the new president had listened to the sonorous periods which, he now knew, had all come from the same pen, and for years his irritation with them had risen. They were not, he was sure, the right way to speak to Canada in the mid-twentieth century. An entirely new approach was required. After ordering the small room to be converted into a regular clothes closet, he appointed his own confidential assistant.

It was the subject of *Continued on page 39*



DOCTORS MAY SHUDDER but stage acts like this draw big crowds. Stephen Steiner (above) is head of Canadian Institute of Hypnotherapy.

Can hypnotism get respectable?

Everyone reading this
could probably perform the trick above.
It takes no magic powers to be a hypnotist.
But as long as this strange phenomenon is
exploited by showmen
how can Canadian doctors and dentists
use it openly?

BY ROBERT PARRIS

AT A private demonstration before the Ontario Dental Nurses' and Assistants' Association in the Royal York Hotel last year, Dr. Donald S. Moore, a Hamilton dentist, showed how usually painful dental work could be done painlessly without the use of anesthetics. Specifically denying that he used hypnotism, he talked his patient into a state of "psychosomatic relaxation." He demonstrated how he could, at will, make the patient feel no pain on only one side of his face while the other side remained normally sensitive. Moore had previously demonstrated his technique before the dean and professors of the Royal College of Dental Surgeons at the University of Toronto. Newspapermen were not permitted to attend either of these demonstrations.

In the previous summer of 1953 an itinerant stage hypnotist called The Great Doctor Zomb put a Banff girl named Betty Black into a trance. The next day the effects had not worn off completely and she fell asleep three times. The Great Doctor Zomb, by then appearing at Wainwright, Alta., wired instructions to Banff doctors on how to get Betty completely out of her trance. She was last reported improving in Banff Springs Hospital.

These two news items—one an officially approved report of a scientific demonstration handed to the Press by a highly reputable profession organization; the other a piece of tragi-comedy wired out over the Canadian Press as a "summer filler"—in a way sum up the hypnotism problem in Canada today.

On one hand, you have the British Medical Association this spring approving the use of hypnotism in medical practice and recommending that anesthetists, psychologists and obstetricians be taught how to use it. On the other, you have The Great Romeo hypnotizing a teen-ager in Maniwaki, Que., in a well-publicized effort to help the police find a lost child.

Doctors and dentists, many of whom are using hypnotism regularly without talking about it publicly, become understandably angry when stage hypnotists venture into medical preserves. And many professional men believe that even stage demonstrations of hypnotism should be outlawed. Britain took this step in 1952 when the Hypnotism Act was passed to protect susceptible persons from harmful effects at the hands of a hypnotist with no medical or psychological training. But the act prohibits only stage demonstrations; it does not specifically block the lay hypnotist from treating people. One incident that prompted the British action was the case of a woman who was placed in a state of catalepsy (in which the body becomes rigid) by a stage hypnotist. The showman placed chairs under the woman's head and feet and left the rest of her body unsupported. Then he invited members of the audience to come forward and smash a rock that he placed on her stomach. One willing watcher swung the heavy hammer, missed the

rock and hit the woman. She died.

Sunday-supplement stories and films about Rasputin, the Mad Monk who supposedly bewitched a Russian empress, and Svengali, who became synonymous with hypnotism after his appearance in George du Maurier's *Trilby*, have kept the public's curiosity whetted about this phenomenon and Canada has always been a good pitch for the traveling hypnotist. They all seem to be Great—The Great Dr. Zomb and The Great Romeo already mentioned, The Great Morton, The Great Raymond (none other than an ex-Toronto Star photographer named Ray Munro). Morton, a bearded Australian, filled the Royal Alexandra, Canada's biggest legitimate theatre, for an astonishing eight weeks in a recent year.

Some of them perfect their trade before the footlights then retire to the shaded lights of an office suite and offer their hypnotic services to the public. The best known of these is thirty-one-year-old Stephen Steiner, a self-taught hypnotist and head of the Institute of Hypnotherapy, with an office on Toronto's Bay Street.

The neat and serious Steiner, unlike many doctors, is most affable with newspapermen and has thus earned considerable publicity. His institute was the subject of a series of articles by the science reporter of the Toronto Telegram, has demonstrated on CBLT's *Tabloid*, has helped a Toronto detective regain the memory he lost after a gun duel with a trio of bandits, has advised mothers who desire childbirth without anesthetics. He offers individual instruction to stammerers and stutterers and consultation in cases of overeating, insomnia, nail biting, bed wetting and other conditions.

Steiner claims that in Montreal he worked with doctors "on special cases" and that he has started nine Toronto dentists studying hypnosis. The medical and dental professional organizations, however, will have no truck with Steiner, or with any medically unqualified hypnotist. They are convinced that serious trouble could befall a person treated for any kind of ailment by a lay hypnotist—even where an apparent "cure" was effected, the hypnotist's lack of medical knowledge could result in deeper psychological damage.

The doctors can point to wide evidence of quackery in the hypnotic field. William Lewis, of Lake Park, Chicago, advertises: "Hypnotism can help you! Control your children, control the sex function by suggestion! Happiness in marriage can be yours! Send today for this breathtaking course. \$1.50 complete." Many "hypnology schools" now in operation offer to train you for a career in stage hypnotism. They are mostly run by persons who call themselves "doctor," yet never list their degrees. In the U. S., the Chicago Institute of Hypnosis, directed by Edwin Baron and the Wilshire School of Hypnotism in Hollywood, run by Melvin Powers, are cases in point. At Rexford North's Hypnotism Centre

Continued on page 47



MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN in the popular comic strip helps keep the public dazzled by supposed supernatural basis of hypnotism.

Fiction's wicked Svengali keeps giving hypnotism a bad name



SVENGALI 1894

George du Maurier drew this illustration himself for his book, *Trilby*, that started it all. The "passes" are now traditional.



SVENGALI 1896

Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, famous English character actor, was the first to portray the sinister musician on a theatre stage.



SVENGALI 1931

John Barrymore was an obvious choice for the role when movies discovered du Maurier's villain. The film was called *Svengali*.



SVENGALI 1955

Donald Wolfit, English Shakespearean, steps into Barrymore's shoes in current revival. Hildegard Neff is bewitched Trilby.

UNCLE BOB COMICS

UNCLE BOB SEZ A LOT OF KID'S HUMOR IS
AIMED AT MAKING US ADULTS DISAPPEAR



ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN ASKS



What makes Children laugh?

COMIC BOOKS don't, jokes won't and adults can't — at least not intentionally. Take it from Bob, a child's sense of humor is like nothing else on earth and a grownup who pries can expect to be reduced to nervous twitchings and deep thoughtful silences

CHILD PSYCHOLOGY has recently turned its attention to children's humor, not only as an important element of character, but as an emotion that has a function in child management. I would like to contribute anything I can to this new field of research but first, it seems to me, we have to establish just what a child's sense of humor is.

For instance, I'd like to know what goes on inside my youngest daughter when she decides to get funny in a letter. She'll spend half an hour absorbed in writing to a great-aunt in Elmira. When she's finished, she brings the letter in to us and reads:

"Dear Aunt Florence: Last night Daddy fell over a duck."

My wife and I look at one another with puzzled frowns. Her great-aunt already thinks writers drink too much, among other things, and is capable of thinking they always keep ducks.

My wife says, "What on earth do you want to say a thing like that for?"

"To make my letter funny," Mary says.

"Well, it's silly," my wife says. "I think you should change it."

Mary studies it thoughtfully. She suddenly puts her head on her arm, disappears behind her hair, wraps her legs around the chair, rubs about half an ounce of paper off the page, and starts over, as if carving her initials in the table.

She looks up and says, "I wrote something else."

"Well, that's better," my wife says. "What did you write?"

"Last night Daddy fell over a kangaroo," Mary reads.

She'll keep this up until somebody stops her and makes her write, "I am saving stamps." But the point is, she's not the least bit embarrassed by the fact that her jokes are flopping like cool Yorkshire puddings. She's completely cold-blooded about the whole thing.

In fact, I often wonder if children have a sense of humor in the sense that we think of it. Comic books, for example, never make children laugh. You can't tell whether they're reading the funny ones or the ones about setting fire to a gangster's feet, by the expression on their faces. My youngsters often bring friends home after school and hand them all comic books as solemnly as if they are handing out instructions for applying for citizenship papers. They sit in a row on the chesterfield, twitching, sniffing and shaking their pony tails in complete dead-pan silence. When they've finished a stack, they turn on TV with the same joyless attention. They sit watching men in

space helmets who laugh, scream, sell chocolate drinks, chuckle, giggle and shriek until my wife and I are in a daze and wondering whether we'll go down and sit in the garage until it's over. The kids evidently love it but they must think it's Medic or Kraft Theatre or something because their expressions never change. Occasionally one of them will reach down, catch hold of her foot and slowly bring it up until I'm wondering if her leg's going to snap, or one of them will reach up behind herself stealthily, catch herself by the hair and try to pick herself up off the chesterfield. But nobody even comes close to laughing.

One little girl about a foot and a half high comes in from next door. She won't talk to my wife or me, won't answer us, won't look at us, won't even say good-by. She just appears at four-thirty, taps softly on the door, walks under my arm, says, "I have to be home by five o'clock," and comes in and watches presumably the funniest stuff designed by man for children, then gets up and goes home looking just as sad as when she arrived.

Now and then one of my kids goes down to the corner store and buys a joke book called *Some Fun*, shoving her dimes across the counter as solemnly as if she's paying a water bill. This book is about two inches thick, printed on grey blotting paper, and is full of fun, games, jokes and riddles. My kid gets no fun out of it, never laughs and can't understand the riddles or make the jokes work. But she reads it from cover to cover, her face a mask, finishing all the jokes on one page, looking briskly to the top of the next page, like a mother reading a letter from her only son. Often she'll read something to my wife and me at the supper table.

"When is a door not a door?" she'll say.

"I give up," I reply.

She peers out from her hair, her face wreathed in smiles.

"When it's upstairs."

"When it's upstairs? Why can't it be a door when it's upstairs?"

She wraps her feet around the chair, sniffs, wriggles, disappears behind her hair, looks back at the book and reads the answer again. Then she says, "Oh. That was for another joke. It's, 'When it's ajar.'"

She resumes her smile. When everyone has started eating again, she asks, "What does ajar mean?"

The kids in the neighborhood read aloud to one another from this book. It's a peculiar social game that I watch with fascination. The objective of the

Continued on page 36



"CAR FIVE REPORTING." Constable Frank Everett radios a message to police headquarters. He must also make a written report on every incident while on duty.

McKENZIE PORTER SPENDS

A Night With Car Five...

... and sees at firsthand how a plain Vancouver cop goes about the unglamorous business of "keeping the peace." Climb in the back seat for a ride you'll always remember

AT THREE forty-five one Friday afternoon last May twenty-four constables of the Vancouver City Mobile Squad paraded for the evening shift in a dingy backroom at the old police headquarters building at Main and Cordova Streets. The sergeant, looking around for a twenty-fifth who had not yet appeared, asked, "Where's Everett? Is he off today?" A man in the ranks replied, "Everett? Why Everett's off every day." The others guffawed.

At that moment Constable Frank Everett walked in. Everett is a chubby ruddy man in his forties whose undulating gait was acquired in the prewar merchant navy and the wartime RCN. Overhearing the crack, he groaned. As the driver of Car Five, which patrols a respectable working-class district in Vancouver's east end, Everett rarely

cope with serious crimes and so is a martyr to the constant ribbing of his comrades.

Partly because many of his radio calls are to the scene of motor accidents, street deaths, premature births and elderly amnesia cases, and partly because he once brought the house down at a police first-aid demonstration with a comic bandaging act, Everett is nicknamed "Doc."

Although he's been on the force since he came out of the navy ten years ago Everett has never figured in newspaper headlines. When he went to Section Five last September he took over another of several quiet districts which have always been his lot.

Even when there was a murder in Section Five, a few months ago, it happened on Everett's day off. And so Everett has never arrested a killer or

shot down a bank robber. Confidence men have not caught his eye nor have forgers felt the snap of his handcuffs. He serves for weeks on end without giving evidence, and when he does it is usually in the unpublicized family and juvenile courts. He goes for months without drawing his billy. It's years since he last pulled his gun.

Recently, because Car Five's patrol is so tranquil, the Police Commission, in an economy wave, removed Everett's partner and left him to operate alone. Occasionally, as he drives up and down the neat streets of modest new bungalows which form the major part of his two-by-four-mile section, he sees citizens staring at him critically and overhears remarks like: "What a waste of gas."

For these reasons "Doc" Everett often wishes he could work around Chinatown where drug addicts,

drunks and prostitutes give the police a lively time every night, or up in well-heeled Kerrisdale where there's always a chance of nabbing a jewel thief, or down in the old west end where decaying mansions, converted into rooming houses, are sometimes the scene of lurid sex crimes.

But Police Chief Walter Mulligan believes that Everett is the type of officer best suited to the dull yet most important of all police functions, a function known in the jargon of the force as "preventing a breach of the peace."

Officers like Everett are the backbone of police forces everywhere. While detectives engaged in the investigation of crime usually get all the glory, it is men of Everett's stamp, quietly carrying out the routine patrol work, who enable most of us to sleep soundly in our beds at night.

For eight hours a day, five days a week, Everett carries out this task. He costs the taxpayers three hundred and forty dollars a month. One month he works from midnight to eight, another from eight to four and a third from four to midnight. The evening shift is the busiest of the three and this is the one Everett was on that Friday night last May when Maclean's had an opportunity to watch him earning his pay.

After the headquarters roll call Everett marched with his twenty-four colleagues and the sergeant over to the police car park on the skid-row corner of Powell and Main. The slow and solemn nature of their tread provoked a couple of halfhearted cat-calls from some bums in the doorway of a tavern. But the officers looked straight to the front and kept their noses up.

Everett examined Car Five, signed a book to say he had taken it over from the previous shift in good condition, and then drove east for two miles along Hastings Street. At the shopping centre at the junction of Nanaimo and Hastings, which Everett regards as the pivot of his beat, he dropped down to his patrolling speed of between fifteen and twenty miles an hour.

Immediately he created a funeral-like procession of following drivers who feared they might get a ticket if they overtook him. Muttering in exasperation, Everett pulled into the curb and signaled them on. Each passing driver eyed Everett nervously and Everett returned them a dead-pan stare. "You'd think I was going to eat them, wouldn't you?" he growled.

He swung into the residential blocks. A girl about

twelve years old stood in the middle of the road with her back to the approaching police car. She was waving and shouting excitedly to some unseen person. Everett stopped the car gently and quietly within a yard of the girl. Oblivious to the car, the girl proceeded with some long-range conversation at the top of her voice. Everett slumped in his seat, sank his chin in his hands, and waited with an air of patient resignation. When the girl turned and saw the car, she almost jumped out of her shoes. Everett said sweetly, "What are you doing, kid?" In a tremulous voice she replied, "I'm talking to my girl friend." "Ah," said Everett, "in semaphore, eh?" "Pardon?" she said. "Skip it," he said. Then Everett raised his voice. "When you're crossing the road," he said, "cross! Don't dilly-dally with your back to the traffic! Now get off home and stay on the sidewalk." The girl blushed and scampered away.

"Kids!" said Everett. "Boy, you're going to see something of kids tonight."

Bed Legs and Battering Rams

Already the radio at headquarters was chattering out calls to other cars.

"Car Three?" said the operator in a matter-of-fact tone.

"Car Three," came a driver's reply, with equal nonchalance.

"Mountside Hotel," said the operator. "Two drunks fighting in a room. One reported to have a knife."

"Okay," said the driver of Car Three. You could almost hear him yawn.

"Car Twelve?" said the operator.

"Car Twelve."

"Eight-three-six-four Ambleside. Alleged theft of property. Suspect detained by owner."

"Thank you," said Car Twelve's driver, just like a store clerk receiving a telephoned order.

"All Cars?" said the operator.

Everett stopped and picked up his pencil.

"Pick up driver of motorcycle one-eight-four-one-three. He just bought it for cash from Merryweather Sales on West Broadway and was so excited he drove off east with the dealers' plates on. No need to detain the driver if the plates are recovered."

Five minutes later Car Ten reported recovery of the plates.

"Looks like a quiet evening for me," said Everett. "We'll liven it up with a few additions to our vocabulary."

He swung idly into Cassiar Street and nodded to a big building ahead. "Now look, and listen," he said. As he drove past the Girls Industrial School a dozen teen-aged delinquents, some of them quite pretty in colored sweaters and jeans, leaped to the barred but open windows. Some shook their fists at Everett and blasted him with a selection of epithets that would have disgraced an infantry barracks. Others accompanied their vilification of Everett with obscene gestures. It was a stunning spectacle. Everett kept his eyes stonily on the road ahead. "It's the same every time I pass," he said. "They don't like me."

Periodically Everett gets a call to restore order at the school. The last time he was summoned, the girls had taken their iron beds apart and used the legs as battering-rams. They had joined up all the cells in one block by breaking four-foot holes in the separating walls. Piling up chunks of cement for ammunition, they had held off the women warders with a steady barrage. When Everett arrived he asked for a blanket. He held it up to his face and advanced. Most of the chunks hit the blanket and fell harmlessly to the floor but one or two hurt. "A big fat girl was the ringleader," he said. "I had one heck of a time dragging her away from the others. But when I got her apart, the others soon quietened down. Some of them are not like girls at all. They're more like animals. I don't know what the world is coming to."

During the five-to-six rush hour Everett got a call. "Nanaimo and McGill," said the operator. "Traffic accident. Child involved. Ambulance already notified." Everett replied, "Thank you," switched on the siren and pushed the car up to seventy-five miles an hour as the traffic in front made way for him. "Come on old gutless," he said to the car. "Let's see you do eighty." But before the car could make that speed Everett was pulling up alongside a sidewalk crowd.

A middle-aged man, his face tense and pale, came up as Everett alighted. "First accident in twenty-five years," he said as he tremblingly lit a cigarette. "And it had to be a child. Just ran out in front of me. Couldn't avoid him. But I don't think I hit him hard."

"Oh yes you did hit him hard," shrilled a big stout woman. "I saw you. Continued on next page

PHOTOS BY JACK LONG



BAD FIRE? Everett gets the facts for his report from a fireman on the scene. A police car is sent to every Vancouver fire to handle traffic and crowd problems.



STOLEN CAR? Everett noses Car Five in behind a car parked in an isolated area, checks its license number against a stolen-car list on his dashboard.

IT'S GUNPLAY AND GLAMOUR FOR THE HOLLYWOOD COP, FIRES AND STOLEN CARS FOR EVERETT



SAD DOG is the centre of attention as Constable "Doc" Everett listens to both sides argue whether the animal had bitten a neighborhood boy. No charge was laid.

A PROWL-CAR DRIVER MUST BE A PHILOSOPHER ON WHEELS. HE'S GOT TO ARBITRATE BACK-YARD



SMILING CHILDREN, delighted with break in school-day routine, keep Everett busy maintaining order as they swarm happily toward a fire near schoolyard.



SOZZLED CITIZEN wobbles toward police car with help of Everett and partner. Picked up by police a second time, he was jailed on a vagrancy charge.

A NIGHT WITH CAR FIVE

CONTINUED



You were going too fast. It's a scandal the way you were driving."

"Oh please, madam," said the man reproachfully.

Everett looked at the woman sharply and said, "Hi!" She replied "Hi!"

A man in overalls and a ski cap said, "It wasn't the driver's fault. I was driving just behind him. He never had a chance."

Quietly Everett said, "Where's the child?"

A young man who might have been an office clerk stepped forward holding in his arms a little boy with a bruise on his forehead. "He just bounced off like a rubber ball," said the young man. "The driver couldn't have stopped quicker."

"He was thrown a good ten feet through the air," said the stout woman. "I saw him. He was fairly flying through the air."

Everett said, "Are you the mother of this child, madam?"

"No," she said. "Nobody knows who he is or where he lives."

"The kid says he knows where he lives. It's just round the corner," said the young man who was holding him. "Would you like me to take him home?"

"Thanks very much," said Everett. "If it's not too much trouble. I'll send the ambulance along when it arrives."

The young man set off with the child and Everett began to take the names of the driver and the witnesses.

"Where's the stout lady I was talking to before?" he asked.

Somebody said, "She's gone."

A boy about twelve came up. "How old do you

have to be before you can be a witness?" he asked. "You don't have to be old," said Everett. "Just truthful." "I won't tell no lies," said the boy. "I want to be a witness." Everett took his name.

A few minutes later the ambulance arrived and by now a neighbor was waiting to direct it to the child's home. Everett followed it. The child's home was full of people all talking at the top of their voices while the worried mother bathed the bruise on her son's head. The loudest voice of all belonged to the stout woman who'd been up at the scene. She was busily damning the driver.

"Yack, yack, yack," sighed Everett. "That woman seems to have a nose for trouble. I'll bet I've seen her at a dozen accidents. If everybody was like her it would be God help the driver." But it was Everett's duty to take her name.

When the child had been taken to hospital in the ambulance Everett handed the case over to two officers of the traffic squad who'd just arrived. Then climbing behind the wheel, he picked up his mike and said, "Car Five. All clear."

"Thank you, Five," said the operator.

Passing a big frame house which had been converted into an old people's home, "Doc" Everett said, "Get plenty of calls from there. The old folks are always taking it into their heads to have a little trip."

At five o'clock one morning the night nurse discovered a woman of eighty was missing from her bed. Everett was soon on the scene. He cruised round the neighborhood and five minutes later saw the woman wandering along in her nightgown.

"Good morning, madam," said Everett. "May I ask where you're going?"

Smiling vacantly, the old woman replied, "I'm taking a little fresh air. I'm on my way home from a ball. It was such a lovely morning I thought I would walk."

"Well," said Everett. "It's a bit chilly to be walking around in a dance dress. How would you like me to run you home?" The old woman climbed into the car. With mock severity Everett said, "Do you know it's five o'clock in the morning?" "Never mind," said the old woman serenely. "I don't go to a ball every night." When Everett delivered her back to the home she went happily to bed, perhaps to continue her dream.

Everett recalled, "Had a similar case once from an old men's home. The old gaffer was quite convinced he'd been painting the town red. And was

he ever pleased with himself! Oh, you'd have thought he was Rudolph Valentino."

Next, Everett drove by a row of rooming houses. "You wouldn't believe," he said, "the things some people will do for two bits." In Vancouver rooming houses landlords have to pay a quarter for each garbage collection. Some try to avoid this charge by sneaking out and scattering their garbage on empty lots.

"They sit at their windows and wait for me to drive past," said Everett. "Then, thinking I won't return for some time, they nip out with a basketful of trash. If I didn't have eyes in the back of my head the whole area would look like the city dump."

"Car Five?" said the operator.

"Car Five," said Everett.

The operator read out an address. Then he said: "Complaint of boys playing ball in the road."

"Aw heck," said Everett. "This is one I hate."

Outside the address given over the radio two teen-age boys in shabby jeans and T-shirts were playing catch. They were brothers who lived in a house opposite the one from which the police had received a telephoned complaint. The brothers' house was the worst home on the street, a crooked unpainted old clapboard which was probably deplored by the owners of the bright clean homes all around.

"Their dad was left a widower with five school-age boys," muttered Everett as he quietly drove toward them. "He hasn't much of a job, poor guy, but he's determined they'll all go through college. They've all got to help with the housework at nights, do odd jobs and save every nickel they earn. They're wonderful kids really. Only trouble is they don't get enough fun."

As soon as the boys saw the police car they stopped playing. The elder one guiltily fingered his tattered baseball mitt. Over his face the warm spring evening had spread a film of sweat. His big eyes were clouded with boredom, not a little resentment, and perhaps with thoughts of other kids on the street who were already off in their fathers' cars to Friday night movies, dances and ball games, or were casually spending quarters on juke boxes and sodas in the corner restaurants.

"Well," said Everett. "Somebody reported you again."

"I know who it is," said the boy unhappily. He looked across the street and caught the eye of a woman who was peeping *Continued on next page*

SQUABBLES, BE FATHERLY WITH KIDS, MAKE DRUNKS BEHAVE, TIDY STREETS, OUTWIT VANDALS



TIDY COP picks up after careless drivers. A passing motorist had knocked down a barrier on road under repair. Everett has to stop and straighten it.



HOLLOW LAUGHTER is stilled for night at fun house in Happyland amusement park. But Car Five roams through darkened grounds, on prowl for vandals.

Maclean's Movies

RATED BY CLYDE GILMOUR



Prisoner Bryan Forbes spoils the aim of a German sentry to let a pal escape.

BEST BET

THE COLDITZ STORY: The title may baffle many a customer, but Colditz was a dreaded German prison camp in Saxony, supposedly "escape-proof." Little of the relentless bleakness of captivity is conveyed in the film. On a jolly adventure-story level, though, it's well acted, suspenseful and quietly enjoyable. Kommandant Frederick Valk (recently of Stratford, Ont.) does his majestic best to outwit such resourceful Britons as John Mills and Eric Portman.

THE NIGHT HOLDS TERROR: For the umpteenth time in recent theatrical fiction, three gangsters terrorize a family in their own house. The acting, by a cast of non-celebrities, is amateurish in spots but darned if the thing doesn't stir up real spine-crawling tension before it finishes.

THE NIGHT MY NUMBER CAME UP: A naval officer's fabulously detailed nightmare about a plane crash off the Japanese coast begins coming true, point by point, until . . . Brrrr! A British film, farfetched but fetching. Michael Redgrave is top brass.

THE SHRIKE: Hollywood has taken much of the sting out of Joseph Kramm's Broadway hit. It's a horror story about a brokendown genius (well played by director José Ferrer) whose wife balefully keeps him in a psychiatric ward until he is ready to surrender to her forever. June Allyson is ill at ease as the satanic spouse — who turns out to be a rather nice kiddo in the film, anyway.

SVENGALI: A handsome but tedious British melodrama based on George du Maurier's novel about an evil hypnotist and a fake soprano whose soul he dominates. With Donald Wolfitt, Hildegard Neff.

YOU'RE NEVER TOO YOUNG: You know me, I'm not a Martin & Lewis fan. But I liked this one better than most of their circuses, and I'll bet their "regulars" will find it real real crazy.

Gilmour's Guide to the Current Crop

Above Us the Waves: Submarine war drama. Good.
Ain't Misbehavin': Musical. Fair.
Bad Day at Black Rock: Suspense in the west. Good.
Bedevilled: Drama. Fair.
Blackboard Jungle: Drama. Good.
Carmen Jones: Negro opera. Excellent.
Cell 2455, Death Row: Crime. Poor.
The Cobweb: Hospital drama. Fair.
The Constant Husband: Comedy. Good.
Court Martial: Drama. Excellent.
Daddy Long Legs: Musical. Good.
Davy Crockett: Western. Good.
The Divided Heart: Drama. Excellent.
East of Eden: Drama. Good.
Escape to Burma: Drama. Poor.
For Better, for Worse: Comedy. Good.
Forbidden Games: Drama. Excellent.
The Glass Slipper: Romance. Good.
Hit the Deck: Musical. Fair.
House of Bamboo: Suspense. Good.
Interrupted Melody: Operatic soprano's biographical drama. Good.
Lady and the Tramp: Cartoon. Good.
Land of the Pharaohs: Spectacle and drama. Excellent.
Las Vegas Shakedown: Crime. Fair.
A Life in the Balance: Suspense. Fair.

Love Me or Leave Me: Biographical and musical drama. Good.
Magnificent Matador: Drama. Fair.
A Man Called Peter: Drama. Excellent.
Man Without a Star: Western. Good.
Marly: Comedy-drama. Excellent.
Mister Roberts: Comedy. Excellent.
Not as a Stranger: Drama. Fair.
New York Confidential: Crime. Good.
A Prize of Gold: Drama. Fair.
The Prodigal: Semi-Biblical. Poor.
Run for Cover: Western. Good.
The Sea Chase: Suspense. Poor.
The Seven Little Foys: Biog-comedy of show business. Fair.
The Seven Year Itch: Comedy. Good.
Simba: African drama. Good.
Soldier of Fortune: Adventure. Good.
Son of Sinbad: Comedy. Fair.
Strange Lady in Town: Western. Fair.
Stranger on Horseback: Western. Fair.
That Lady: Costume drama. Fair.
This Island Earth: Planet drama. Good.
Tight Spot: Suspense. Good.
Unchained: Drama. Excellent.
Violent Saturday: Suspense. Good.
Wayward Wife: Italian drama. Fair.
We're No Angels: Comedy. Fair.
Wuthering Heights (reissue): Drama. Good.

inquisitively from behind a curtain. "Never mind who it is," said Everett. "Just remember she's within her rights."

"What's the harm!" the boy blurted out fiercely. "Just playing catch. We're not stupid enough to get run over."

"You know the bylaws prohibit ball games on the streets."

"We hadn't time to go to the park," said the boy. "It's fifteen minutes' walk. We have to have our supper in ten minutes and then we've got lawns to mow. We only just finished our papers."

"I know," said Everett. "But you've got to stop playing catch out here. I've warned you several times before. Next time I'll have to take action or lose my job. So be good kids and pack it up, will you?"

"Okay," said the boy. As Everett let in the clutch the boy added, "And thank you for everything." Everett flushed. He leaned out of the window and gave the boy a light affectionate cuff over the ear.

"They bring a lump to my throat," he said. "Wish all the kids were as good as they are."

He drove past the Templeton Junior High School and pointed out various doors and windows through which boys break in several times a month and roam about the empty classrooms doing damage. "They seem to do it as a kind of revenge for punishments they've received," he said. Up on the roof, Everett said, he often caught a bunch of youngsters. "When I call them down they always say they were looking for a ball. There's not much I can do in that case."

He passed an unfinished house: "The guy who's building that place called me the other night to look at a four-letter word that the kids had carved into the new plaster in letters six feet high. It was carved so deep that even though he's filled it in he's scared stiff the letters will start looming through someday when the minister is calling."

At another house Everett said, "There's a little demon lives there. His favorite gag is getting a two-by-three-foot mirror off his mother's dressing table and blinding me with reflected sunlight as I come round the corner."

Suddenly Everett received a call. "Two-one-three-nine Barton: Child locked in room." Everett drove to the address and found a woman on the verge of hysteria waiting for him on the doorstep.

Inside, in a little pantry off the kitchen, behind a door from which the knob was missing, a child was screaming. "I was going to spank him," said the woman, "when he ran in there. The door slammed and now I can't get him out. He's terrified. Are you going to break the door down?" Everett glanced quickly around the kitchen. Then he said, "I don't think that will be necessary." Taking a small screwdriver from his pocket he removed the knob from the back-porch door, fitted it into the pantry door, and opened it. A child flew out blubbering and threw himself into his mother's arms.

"Thanks," said the woman. "Do I owe you anything?"

"It's all part of the service, madam. Just give us a call any time."

It was now around seven o'clock and Everett drove for supper to his own new bungalow, which stands on his beat. Before entering his house he said into his mike, "Car Five. Permission to eat please." "Go ahead Five," said the operator.

During a meal with his handsome wife and twenty-two-year-old son, who is a showcase and window dresser for a tobacco company, Everett was persuaded to recall something of his past.

Born on a farm in the Okanagan Valley, he came to Vancouver at the age of nine. At sixteen he joined the merchant navy and sailed all over the world in Imperial Oil Company tankers. During the last war he served on an RCN anti-submarine patrol between Halifax and Bermuda aboard Fairmiles. After the war when he found the merchant navy dominated by the Communist-led Canadian Seamen's Union he was "disgusted," quit the sea and joined the police.

First he served on a police harbor patrol boat, then on the headquarters switchboard, next on a foot beat, and a few years ago was transferred to the mobile squad.

"I'm my own boss," he says. "I can drive anywhere on the beat I like, providing I'm not on call. I used to go down every street at least once every night according to a plan. But I found my timing was getting too regular. Now I just wander about where my instincts take me. I know if anything happens I'll soon get a call. I can reach any point on my beat in three minutes."

He said taxi drivers help the police. When they see something suspicious, taxi drivers radio their own operators who in turn call the police headquarters. It's a goodwill gesture and in return the police are as lenient as is legal with the taxi drivers.

Roundup in a Patrol Car

Several times each evening "Doc" Everett makes contact with the sergeant in charge of the beat, who patrols in a separate car, and with three officers on foot. There is no timing about these meetings. If they need to get together urgently they use the telephone and radio. Usually they just encounter one another and discuss how quiet or how busy things are.

If a man on a beat adjacent to Everett's gets a call that sounds serious Everett drives over to back him up, or "cover him." The others do the same for Everett.

After his supper half-hour Everett returned to his car, picked up the mike and reported himself back on the job; he then cruised down to the Pacific National Exhibition grounds. "I never miss this place," he said. "There's always something going on here."

As he drove through the rows of shuttered concession stands and carnival rides he saw the elderly uniformed night watchman running toward him. The watchman puffed, "Hi, Doc! Come and give me a hand with a bunch of young punks." Everett took the watchman into the car and following his directions, drove to a building that was under repair and decked with scaffolding.

"I've been after this bunch for a long time," said the watchman. "But I can never catch 'em on my own."

Half a dozen lads, about fourteen years of age, were swinging from ropes that the workmen used for hauling up buckets of mortar. They had broken down some of the scaffolding. When they saw the police car they dropped to the ground and tried to run. But Everett, driving fast round the pathways that encircled a number of flower beds, so fast that his tires screeched, skilfully rounded the boys up into a group, like a cowboy rounding up steers. He drove them back into a doorway. There they panted nervously as Everett and the watchman got out.

Pointing to a fat sullen-looking youth the watchman said, "That's the one that's always telling me to —"

"No it's not," said the youth. "I never use bad language in front of grownups."

"Oh you don't, eh?" said Everett.

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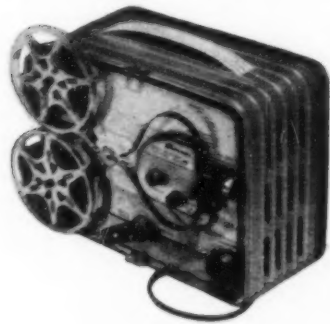
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"That means you do use it sometimes then."

"I might," said the youth. "But never in front of grownups."

"You said it to me," said the watchman.

"I didn't."

"You did."

"No," protested the boy. "Never in front of grownups."

"Will you stop saying that," bawled Everett.

"You'd think they was Tarzan," said the watchman, "the way they use those ropes. They make such a mess it takes the men half an hour to clean up before they can start work in the mornings."

"Okay," said Everett. "Let's have their names and addresses." When he had got them down he sucked his pencil thoughtfully. The boys looked apprehensive.

"I could take you home to your fathers," said Everett, "and ask them to give you a beating. But somehow I don't think they'd do it. Or I could charge you with wilful damage. That'll make you into juvenile delinquents. You know what that means. It means you'll have a record and every time you get into trouble you'll get worse and worse punishment. Why, you might even grow up to be crooks. How would you like that? I'm sick and tired of boys of your age behaving like ten-year-olds."

He thought for a little longer and then he bellowed, "Your names are all new to me so you're lucky. I'm going to give you a break. But let me get any of your names again and boy, you won't know what's hit you by the time you're through. Now shove off this property and stay off."

The boys shambled shamefacedly away.

Then Everett yelled after them. "Be your age! Get out of your diapers! You look like men! Act like men!" The boys straightened up visibly and strode through the gates trying to act like men.

"They're driving me nuts," said the watchman.

"There's too much psychiatry and too little strap," Everett reflected. "I often pick up kids I could take to court. To give them a break I take them home to their dads. But how often do their dads thrash them? Hardly ever. Once a kid said to me, 'Oh please don't take me home. My dad'll beat me.' That's just what I wanted. I took him home right away and his dad whaled the living daylights out of him. Boy, that did my heart good. And the kid did well, too. He's got a big job in an office today."

Everett recalled how he once told a juvenile court psychiatrist, half seriously, "You know, I'm thinking of arresting you for contributing to juvenile delinquency."

The sun was sinking as Everett drove down to a quiet section of the docks. "We never get trouble here," he said. "There are no dockside dives. The crews all go up town to drink." A Japanese freighter was unloading mahogany. Harking back to his navy days he said wistfully, "She would have made a gorgeous target eleven years ago."

A young man drove up in a little English car. Everett recognized him as a squatter: one of the people who inhabit shacks built out over tidal waters and thus avoid taxes. "Say," said the young man, "would you mind moving on some people from near my place. They're drinking in a car."

In an old car were two respectable-looking couples, all around thirty years of age. When questioned, they said they were married couples and neighbors. They had come down to sit by

the water as their apartment building, in an overcrowded section, was hot.

"Have you been drinking?" asked Everett suddenly.

The driver blanched. "Yes," he admitted. "We brought down a couple of bottles of beer apiece."

"You know the law?" said Everett.

"Yes," said the man. Then he pleaded, "Be a good Joe and forget it. I'll lose my job if . . ."

"How would you like people drinking in cars outside your home?"

"We didn't mean any harm," said the driver.

"Well, you're doing harm," said Everett. "You're letting kids see you drinking in a car and if that isn't doing harm I don't know what is. I can see you're quite sober and I'll overlook it this once. Now shove off."

Shortly after eight o'clock the tempo of Everett's work quickened. He moved on a couple of lovers who were necking in a car; rebuked a small boy who was throwing stones over a railway bridge; helped a foot-patrol officer catch three youths who had turned on a water tap outside a florist's store and flooded the sidewalk; answered a call to a Chinese grocery and took home a little Dutch immigrant girl who had wandered in lost, and couldn't speak English; reported a dead dog in the gutter to the scavenger department; gave a ticket to the owner of a trailer bearing a 1953 number plate; and restored order outside a home where a baby sitter was being bothered by a group of noisy boys.

Take No Chance With an IPC

The radio crackled with calls to other cars. The operator was constantly spelling out addresses and giving drivers messages like: alleged theft of cheque; disorderly youths in café; elderly person wandering; breaking and entering; stolen car; a car with a California number plate blocking the entrance to a factory; a man annoying women off Pender Street; a cache of narcotics found off Denman Street; and an IPC.

"An IPC," explained Everett, "is an incomplete telephone call. Often the police get calls from people who suddenly hang up or leave the receiver off the hook. These calls are all checked by the telephone exchange which quickly provides police with the address. Every IPC is investigated by a policeman who drives to the address at top speed. Often it's just a kid fooling. But it might be somebody getting murdered."

"You can't take a chance. I once went on an IPC call and found an old man had tried to commit suicide by cutting his throat. He had changed his mind, called the police for help, then fainted at the phone. If I hadn't arrived and called the ambulance, he'd have bled to death."

Just before dark Everett drove back to the Pacific National Exhibition grounds and almost at once spotted three youths on the roof of the Empire Stadium grandstand. He swore under his breath and circled rapidly around the park in search of the watchman who had the keys. Unable to find the watchman, Everett radioed for the help of another officer. Two minutes later a second police car arrived outside the stadium. With the other officer Everett climbed over a nine-foot wooden fence topped with barbed wire. The three youths were caught hiding in a wash-room high in the grandstand. They were Italians who had been in the country only a few weeks.

After making a round of the stadium and finding no damage Everett said to the boys, "If anything was missing from here you boys would be to blame." But he let them off because they con-

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"Lovers!" the watchman snorted. Constable Everett grunted, "Bet you were worse."

vinced him they only wanted to look at the stadium.

After climbing back over the fence Everett was flushed and out of breath. His uniform was covered with dust. Very solicitously the three Italian boys began to dust him down. One even adjusted Everett's tie, an act that prompted him to recoil, spluttering with embarrassment.

"On your way," he cried. The boys, obviously wounded by the rebuff, hurried off.

At that moment the watchman came up at a smart canter. When he heard what had happened he raised his fists and cried, "Kids! Kids! So help me, it's getting so that I hate kids. If I had my time over again I doubt if I'd ever bring another kid into the world."

"Take it easy," said Everett. "You were a kid yourself once."

"But it's not only kids," railed the watchman. "Only last week a couple of lovers climbed over. Fancy a woman in a skirt climbing a nine-foot fence with barbed wire on top. The things people will do for a bit of smooching."

"I'll bet you were worse when you were a punk," said Everett.

The watchman subsided into a grin. "A-rrrr-h," he said, "I had my moments."

"Well, be good," said Everett, and drove off.

Hubbub in a "Peaceful" City

By now Vancouver was beginning to feel the effects of a festive Friday night. Radio calls informed various cars of men lying in the road; men annoying hotel clerks; men shouting on the streets; men falling down staircases; men crashing through plate-glass windows; men singing in buses; men up lamp standards; and men making speeches outside movie theatres. Women were in all kinds of trouble, ranging from tearing each other's hair in taverns to arriving home in taxis penniless.

Two men and a woman were apparently drunk in a car. They were being hauled off to the station. But in the back of the car were four small children. A radio call went out for the policewoman who would take the children home, put them to bed and leave them in the care of neighbors.

From a high spot on Everett's beat the city looked peaceful enough. But the hubbub on the radio gave one the impression that the whole of Vancouver was roaring drunk. Everett got a small share of the cases.

"One-two-one-four Cedarbank," said the operator. "Drunk breaking and entering." In a dark poor section near the docks Everett pulled up outside an old clapboard rooming house. An Indian woman peeped through a curtain and revealed a squalid room in the greenish light of an unshaded lamp. Everett went up a staircase and there met an old Indian man in a dirty T-shirt, baggy pants and slippers.

"My lodger," said the Indian, "he come back and bust into his room. I padlock him out because he pay no rent. But he come back roaring drunk and bust the padlock. He owe thirteen dollar."

In the room, on a filthy bed, a young man who might have been a logger was snoring in drunken sleep. Everett had difficulty waking him.

Finally the man looked up stupidly. Everett said, "The landlord says that you haven't paid your rent but you

broke into the room against his wishes. Is that right?" "Thash ri," said the man. "Well, you can't stay here till you've paid your thirteen bucks. Have you got thirteen bucks?" "No," the man replied. "Then," said Everett, "get out and don't come back till you've got it."

The man rose and fumblingly got dressed. "Where are you going?" asked Everett. "Gotta pal with a room on Powell," said the man. "Okay," said Everett. "Go and stay with him." "Get money in the morning," said the man. "That's fine," said Everett.

Everett helped him down the stairs. The man reeled away up the street. Suddenly he stopped and shouted back at Everett. "You are an exsheedingly nish guy—an exsheedingly nish guy indeed." "On your way," said Everett.

Hardly had he got back in the car when Everett received a call: "One-nine-six-one Epping. Drunk annoying woman." A tiny girl with big frightened eyes admitted him. In the kitchen Everett found a man sitting at a table with a half-consumed bottle of rye in front of him. Across the room, standing tensely against the wall, was a plain buxom woman of about forty. When the man saw Everett he sank his head in his hands and began to loose great racking sobs.

"He's an alcoholic," said the woman. "All I want you to do is watch him while I get out of this place. He threatens he'll kill me if I leave him."

With a few diplomatic questions Everett found out she was a common-law wife. "He's not working," she said, "but he had enough to bring home two crocks at noon. Been drinking ever since. He's a good man when he's not drinking. He's trying to quit. I've called the AA and they're sending up two men who're helping him. But I can't stand it any longer. I'm going away until I'm sure he's quit."

Two shabbily dressed middle-aged men with deeply etched faces came into the house. One said, "We're on duty at the Alcoholics Anonymous tonight. We know this guy. He's trying to quit." They watched the sobbing figure at the table and one of them said, "He'll be ready to quit soon. We've been through the mill ourselves. It's getting near his time to quit. Are you going to lock him up?"

"No," said Everett. "Can't do that. A man's entitled to drink as much as he likes in his own house. I'm only here to protect the lady while she leaves."

"Gee, that's swell," said the AA man. "He's nearly ready to leave it alone. I can tell the symptoms."

Everett escorted the woman and child out of the house. On the front steps he said, "Where are you going?" She said, "To a neighbor's. We'll be all right. But don't tell my man where we are. When he quits we'll be back."

"Good luck," said Everett.

The woman led the child by the hand down the dark street. The girl turned round and waved. "Bye-bye," she cried.

"Bye-bye, kiddo!" said Everett. About a quarter to midnight when

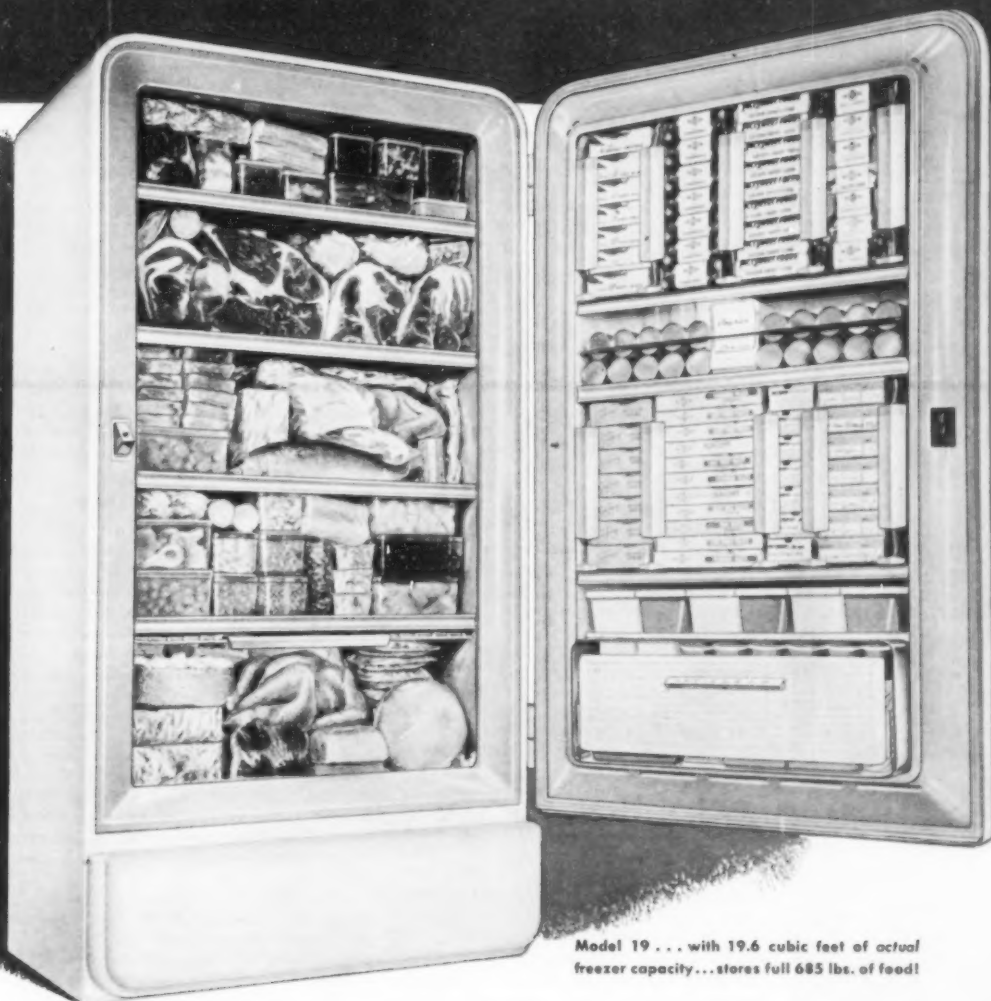
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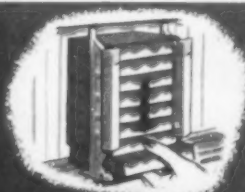
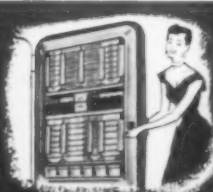
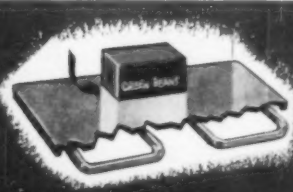
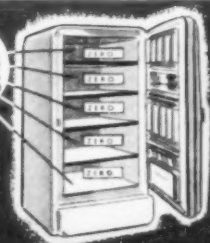
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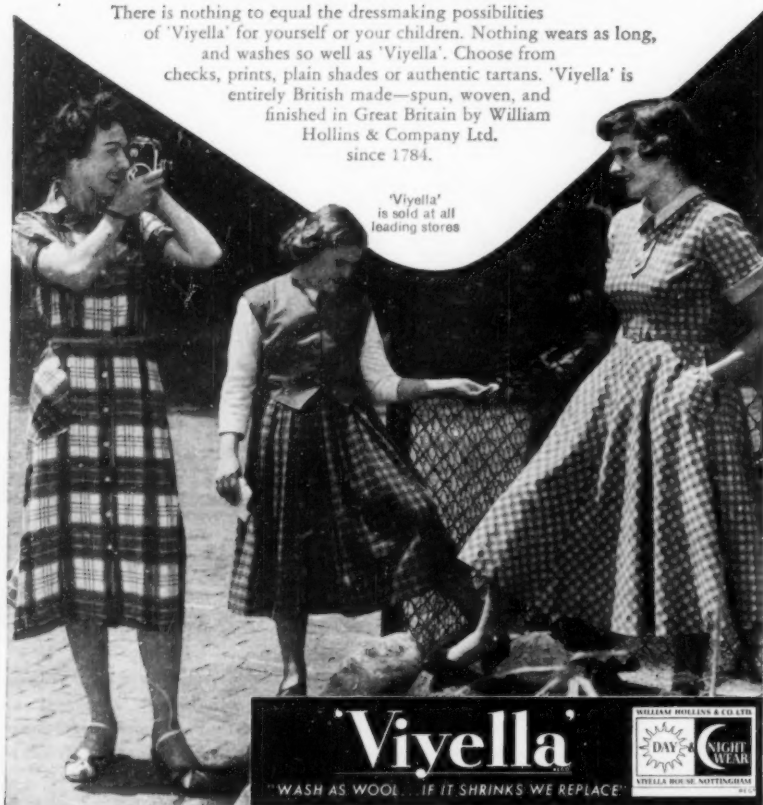


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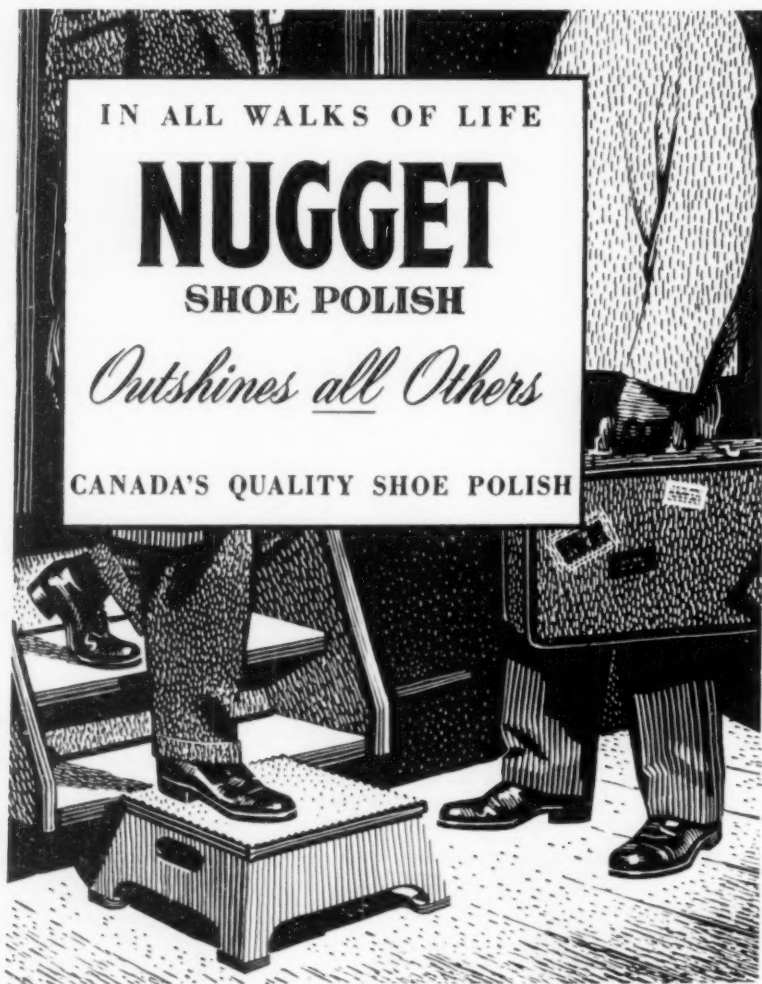
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Everett was thinking of returning to the station and signing off he got another call: "Woman molested." At the address an elderly man in his shirt sleeves was waiting on the doorstep of a modern bungalow. As Everett pulled up, a second police car arrived to support him. "Come on in boys," said the elderly man. "I'm a retired fireman so I know a bit about police work."

He led the officers through to the kitchen. There a pretty woman about thirty was sitting on a chair, white and drawn. She was wearing a summer coat from which all the buttons had been torn. Her cotton dress was ripped from neck to hem revealing most of her underclothes.

"She's my daughter," said the retired fireman. "I told her to stay just as she was when she came in. Happened a few minutes ago as she was coming home from the movies. Man jumped out at her."

Haltingly the woman gave a description of the man. "I managed to bite his wrist," she said, "and I know I made it bleed. He gave up and ran away."

The second officer rushed out of the house and began to scour the back lanes of the district for a man answering to the woman's description. Everett jumped into his car and said, "I've got a hunch."

He drove fast down to a shopping centre. "There's a guy lives down here," he said, "who is a bit of a queer. Answers to the woman's description too. He lives all alone. He's got plenty of money. But he keeps dogs, cats and birds. He also feeds rats. I've often watched him looking at women in an odd sort of way. You never can tell in these cases. You just have to follow your instincts."

He hammered at a door between some stores. A stocky swarthy man around thirty-five opened up. His face was black with dust. He wore a dirty torn shirt. His eyes widened with fright at the sight of Everett.

"Would you mind telling me where you've been tonight?" asked Everett.

"Why," said the man, "I've been in all night cleaning out the basement."

"Would you mind showing me your wrists?"

The man held out his arms and Everett examined them under the light of his torch. Snapping it off he said, "I'm sorry to have bothered you—just a routine enquiry."

Back in the car Everett said, "He couldn't have done it. He couldn't have got home and got himself into those clothes so soon. Besides, there were no marks on his wrist. I was wrong. Sorry I scared him. But sometimes these hunches are right."

For half an hour he cruised back lanes looking for the woman's assailant. But without success. "He's got away with it this time," said Everett, "but he'll do it again. Sooner or later he'll get caught. Then we'll call that woman to identify him and he'll have to pay. In the end, we always get them."

It was one o'clock in the morning as Everett started back to the police car park with an hour's overtime to his credit. At a side road the driver of a car ahead made an arc preparatory to making a U-turn. Quickly Everett blocked him off with the police car. Realizing he'd been caught red-handed the driver grinned sheepishly. Everett raised a finger, shook it in a "naughty, naughty" gesture, then grinned back. The man drove straight on and made two right-hand turns instead.

As he handed over his car to the officer on the next shift Everett said, "That was a pretty average evening on Section Five. That's how we try to prevent a breach of the peace. Monotonous, isn't it?" ★

London Letter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

election of 1945. To his delight he was appointed solicitor-general, a very great honor in the legal world, but hardly had he assumed that splendid role when a grateful electorate threw out the war-winning Tory government with extraordinary heartiness.

The man who had been solicitor-general for a few days was no more than a private member at a salary of one thousand pounds a year. But he did become chairman of the board of governors of St. George's Hospital—an unpaid post. "I do not vibrate to the money medium," he said ruefully.

So there came the elections of 1950 and 1951. The twenty-five years of socialist rule which Aneurin Bevan prophesied had come to an end in six. And Walter Monckton, who could have earned twenty-five thousand pounds a year at the bar became the four-thousand-pound-a-year Minister of Labor.

Truly it is a strange story. Here is a man of such gifts and charm that he could have made a fortune as a lawyer or an industrial adviser. Instead, he chose the path of service to the state with all its hazards, its strain and its meagre financial reward.

But, clear visioned as he is, I doubt if he foresaw the storms ahead. Labor is nearly always restive but recently Monckton had to face a crisis when both the dockers and the railway engine drivers were to strike at the nation's very existence. By night and by day he met the leaders of the Trades Union Congress and the heads of the striking unions. Day by day he answered questions in the House of Commons. Nor did he ever fail to meet the parliamentary attack with absolute courtesy.

No wonder the socialist leaders paid tribute to him—but they could not arrest the fatigue that was wearing him down. Yet he did not leave the post of duty until the railway strikers had gone back to work.

Utopia At Last?

What has gone wrong with organized labor in Great Britain? The ordinary British worker has not changed his spots. At heart he is a decent good-natured fellow, inclined to leave things too much to his union leaders, yet prone to give ear to the botheads whose chief asset is a gift of the gab.

It is a fact, and a disturbing fact, that in a period when trade unionism has won its place as the fifth realm of the state there has not been such unrest since the dark days of 1926. All of us who are concerned with the trend of public affairs are trying to understand what is going on beneath the surface.

Undoubtedly the failure of nationalization has much to do with it. From the days of the Tolpuddle Martyrs the cry of labor has been for state control of essential supplies and services. Instead of the wicked mine owner riding in his carriage and grinding the faces of the poor, there would be the unselfish benevolence of the all-wise and all-human state.

And so the transformation came. With a mighty majority in parliament the Labor Government nationalized the railways, road transport, coal and steel. Utopia had been born at last.

Instead of the hard-faced mine owner and his managers there was the Coal Board situated far away. It was remote control—so remote, in fact, that the miners could not reach the board with their grievances.

The rumblings and the grumblings

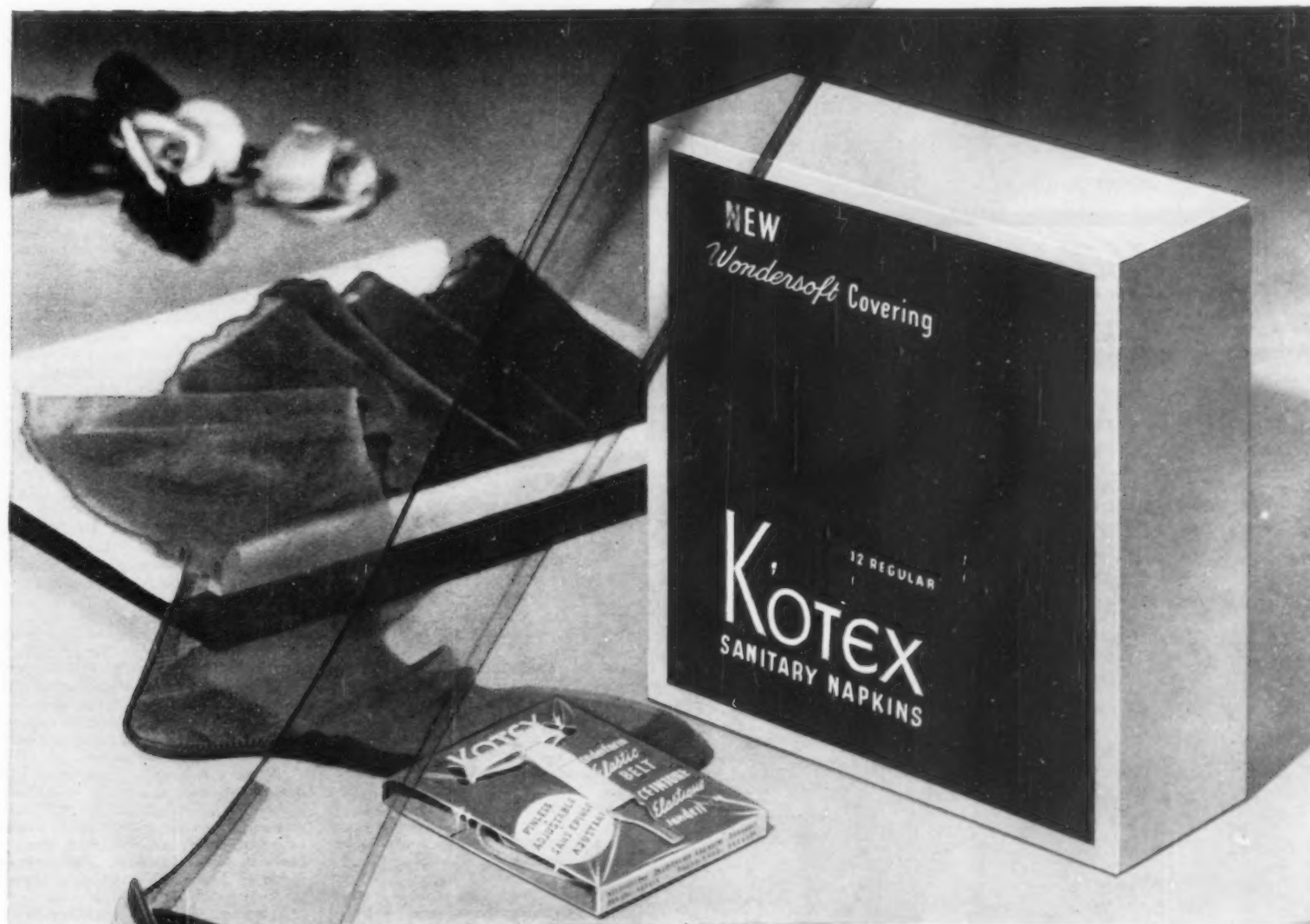
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grew into a menacing growl. Production dropped and costs rose. In fact, Britain became an importer of coal—an absurdity in excelsis. The year 1955 will mark the biggest imports of coal in our history.

In the meantime the dockers were proving fruitful soil for the glib-tongued Communist agitators. Over the last three years we have hardly had more than a few weeks at a time without holdups in the docks.

Yet here is the paradox. Despite the plague of strikes British industry, under private ownership, was doing well and share prices were rising right across the board. It is a fact that for more than a year now there has been a sustained stock-market boom which has brought untaxable gains to investors and gamblers alike. Women especially have found that the stock exchange is far more exciting than Monte Carlo.

The mugs and the experts fared alike, and when prices seemed likely to fall the American investors stepped in and sent them up again. Americans had discovered that British equities were giving a higher yield than American equities.

Who Goes to Coventry?

Yet there was a perfectly sound reason behind it all. When Sir Stafford Cripps became Labor's Chancellor of the Exchequer in 1948, he called for a dividend restraint. In fact, he demanded it. On the other hand there was no comparable wage restraint. Statistics show that from 1947 to 1954, the period that opened with Cripps' "standstill" policy, wages and salaries rose from £5,475 million to £9,265 million. Yet in the same period interest and dividends rose by only £271 million.

Therefore, what has really happened is that interest and dividends have now come into line with wages and salaries. The fact that a lot of silly or shrewd women have cashed in on it is not important. The very essence of a stock market is that shares can be freely bought and sold. Otherwise, there would be no means by which new companies could raise essential capital.

Nevertheless, the psychological effect has been bad and has supplied the agitators with material for their inflammatory speeches. Fortunately, the market now seems to have settled down so that investment—and not just quick profits—will be its chief concern.

The ugliest feature of the strikes has been the un-British attitude of strikers toward the few who refused to strike. There is an English phrase, "being sent to Coventry," which has a cruel meaning. The origin of the saying is obscure but the meaning is stark clear. When a man is sent to Coventry none

of his mates will say a word to him.

Thus, after the railway strike ended, there would be an engineer who would not speak to his fireman because the fireman had remained at his post during the strike. In many cases this silence treatment was continued off duty and even applied to the fireman's wife.

It is hard to explain in a people normally characterized by humor and broad humanity. But probably the defeat of the Labor Party at the polls and the clear evidence that state ownership is doomed to failure, has robbed the British workman of dreams that he had cherished for generations.

Free enterprise has won the war against socialism. Individualism has won the war against collectivism. However he might phrase it, the cry of the British worker is: "Give me my dreams!" But he knows that his dreams have been destroyed by reality.

Wisely, Sir Anthony Eden, Chancellor R. A. Butler and Labor Minister Sir Walter Monckton are encouraging the industrialists to a greater spirit of co-partnership. Some of the big industrialists have introduced profit sharing with their workers and this is likely to spread.

So we return to Sir Walter Monckton. Organized labor likes him and trusts him but it is worried by the realization that behind his courtesy and humanitarianism there is a surprising toughness. For example, young men of military age are exempted from army service if they sign on for merchant navy duty. But hardly had the exempted young seamen walked off the Queen Mary on strike than they received notice from Sir Walter's department that they must stand by and wait for their army call-up papers.

"Why did you act so quickly?" demanded the socialists in the Commons. To which the suave Sir Walter replied, "Because otherwise I would not have been able to find them." Nothing more was said. That velvet glove of Monckton's conceals a particularly tough bit of metal.

My own feeling is that organized labor will be brought to reason, not by employers or politicians but by their real bosses: there is an old saying that strikes end when the wives can no longer endure their husbands idling about the house.

It may well be that the women of Britain will play the last card. If, as seems probable, the wives' patience is exhausted, we may see a definite change in the troubled psychology of organized labor.

Perhaps Sir Walter will even be able to get away for a summer holiday, but in his heart he will know that the time has not yet come when he can utter those last immortal words of Hamlet: "The rest is silence." ★

Let your Baker be your Menu Maker

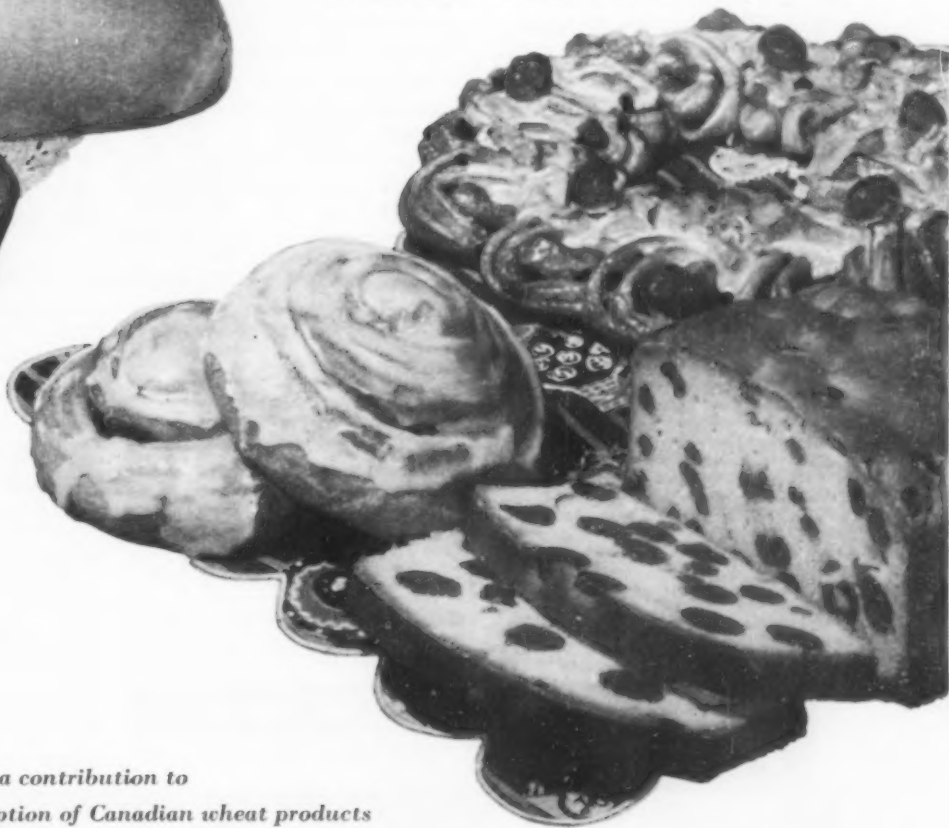


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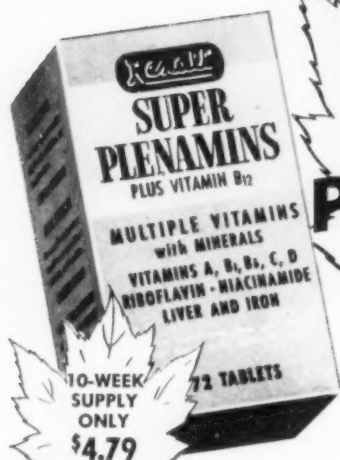
● Goodbye to hurry-scurry in the kitchen . . . to ho-hum at the table! Let your baker make the menu—you choose from his fine things for dessert. Tonight it could be a sumptuous coffee ring, iced and garnished with candied fruits. Or date turnovers or butter horns. No end of surprises for the family—but an end of turmoil for you!



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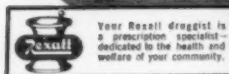
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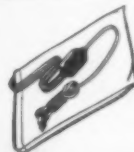


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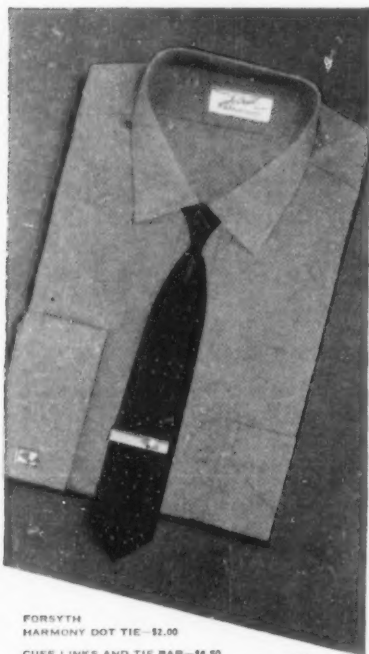
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MAKER OF CANADA'S FINEST SHIRTS

What Makes Children Laugh?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

kid being read to is to get away. The objective of the one doing the reading is to keep reading aloud as long as she can. The effect is heightened by the character of the joke book itself, which has a peculiar flavor of a Sunday school paper written by an old drunk.

A couple of days ago out in my backyard a little girl, wearing a lace curtain over her head, walked around at an ecclesiastical stroll with her nose about two inches from the joke book, reading jokes to another kid with long black hair who finally disappeared under a tent about a foot high and made of a bed sheet. The one with the book stopped at the tent without taking her eyes from the book.

"MIKE," she read, "For gosh sake, Jake, I heard you were dead."

The other kid's voice came up from under the bed sheet. "I'm going home to supper now." She came out of the tent and walked away.

The one with the book followed her, just as if she hadn't been insulted, head bowed over the page and still reading. "JAKE: They did say I was dead, Mike, but I knew it was someone else when I saw myself in the mirror."

Her friend stopped abruptly, turned around and looked into her face searchingly and said, "Can I play with your lizard cage tomorrow?"

"No," the first girl said, without looking up from her book. She turned a page. "MIKE: I'm in a terrible fix."

The one with the long hair said, "My mother says that she's going to buy me a lizard cage a hundred feet high with real people in it."

"JAKE: What's the matter, Mike?"

"—and I won't let you play with it."

"JAKE: —"

I don't know what the kids get out of this. Nobody thinks it's funny, including the one reading the book. Audience appreciation means nothing. If someone gets up and goes home, dragging all her toys, the reader just walks over to someone else who doesn't want to hear it either. Nothing discourages her, offends her or stops her.

Another thing about children's humor is that a joke can't be shredded too fine to spoil their enjoyment of it, especially adult jokes.

A little while ago I told my wife that joke about the accountant who drove his fellow employees crazy with curiosity every morning for thirty-five years peering into his desk drawer then closing it and locking it. When he died and they opened the drawer, they found a note reading: "The debit side is the one next to the window."

Both my kids laughed. When they were through, Mary said, "What does it mean?"

"Don't you know?"

"No."

"Then what are you laughing at?" I asked her.

"I thought it was a joke," she said.

I explained it to her the best I could. When I was through she laughed again, just as hard as the first time. About fifteen minutes later, she said, "Is that true?"

"Is what true?"

"Did a man lock a desk so that nobody could get into it?"

"No. I don't think so."

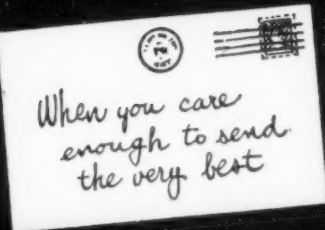
Mary laughed again. After the supper dishes were done she looked at six cartoons on TV without laughing,



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then went outside and started building a chair out of some wooden boxes. I heard her tell a friend of hers, "My daddy knew a man who couldn't remember what side of a desk he'd written on but it's a joke." They both laughed. As far as I know, she and the gang still laugh at this occasionally.

Although any contrived humor on the part of a kid is more related to cold-blooded curiosity than fun, they can really laugh at some things, the humor of which entirely escapes adults. I was watching a bunch of kids play one day when a plump little boy with slick black hair and enormous brown eyes got up from doing something, looked at his shirt, did a little pivot and said, "I'm a strawberry pie."

The whole gang went completely out of control, swept by some strange group hysteria, repeating to one another, "I'm a strawberry pie," ecstatically breaking things they'd been working on, rolling on the ground, punching one another, doing headstands and getting red in the face. This was followed by a period of silence, broken only by the sound of occasional halfhearted hammering by one kid who lay with his cheek resting on his hand, driving a nail through a board. A few minutes later they all started to fight, all hitting one another excitedly with roller skates and skipping ropes and wandering off home, some crying, others scurrying around shrubs.

Mother Caught a Haymaker

A child's sense of humor is very different from an adult's. It's closer to our origins, and carries vestigial remains of life in the Mesozoic swamps, when lizards flew, mankind hid in holes, and the sound of laughter often made our ancestors sit very still trying to make themselves look like leaves. To pretend that a child's sense of humor is just like an adult's, only smaller and cuter, is one of those oversimplifications that is liable to end up in a few psychological split lips.

One lovely young mother I know with beautiful buck teeth has already nearly had them knocked out by following too literally the advice that "the mother-child relationship can be strengthened by peek-a-boo games and good-natured teasing." She poked her little girl right in the middle of a tantrum and said something like, "A-a-a-aticky-ticky-ticky," and the kid, all in one reaction, burst out laughing, burst out crying and took an ecstatic swing at her mother with a little tin steam shovel. Her mother spent the rest of the evening re-reading the book with a wet cloth over the bridge of her nose.

As a matter of fact, the author had specifically pointed out that laughter and humor are closely related to crying, anger and tensional behavior—which, I think, explains some of the humor of children that often baffles parents. In other words, kids aren't always feeling funny when they laugh.

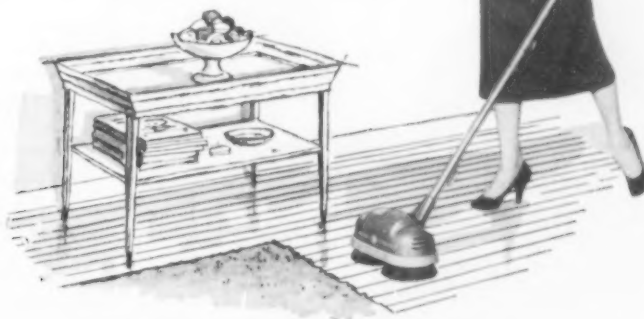
Something that will always stand in the way of an adult's complete understanding of children's humor is the vast difference in the way adults look to children and the way adults look to themselves. A couple of weeks ago I picked up my wife at an afternoon tea, just in time to have a piece of cake and to see the hostess' little girl walk to within about three feet of one of the women guests, stand there staring at her for quite a while, like a tourist looking at an exhibit of medieval tapestry. The woman found it amusing enough to get into the act, pursing her lips and staring back at the child with her chin tucked in, until the kid started to laugh: not the kind of laughter we usually associate with children, but

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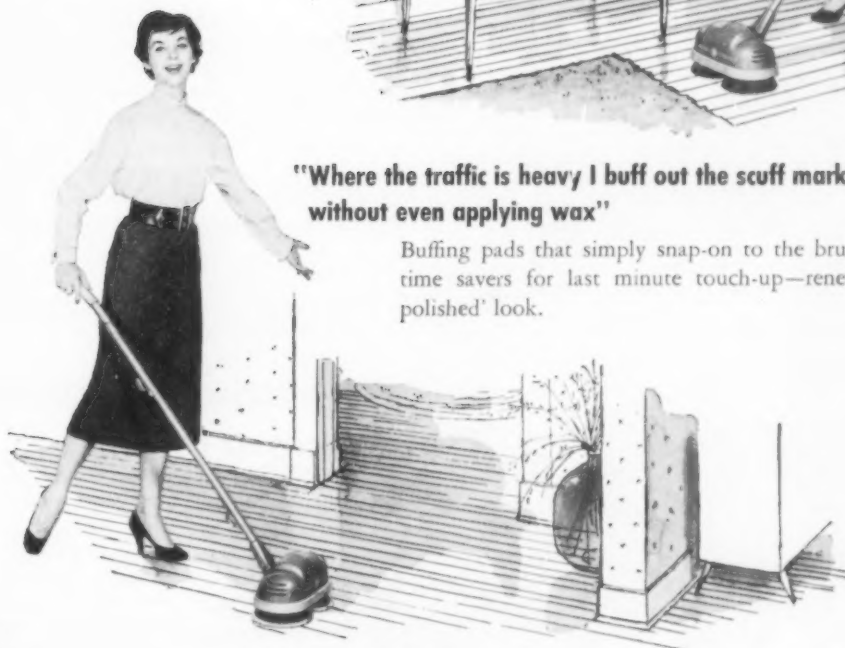
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laughing way down in her throat. It sounded like something you might hear coming out of very deep grass, or a mossy hollow log.

The woman kept smiling but her eyes looked thoughtful, the way people's eyes look when they say, "No, I mean it. Give me your honest opinion," and get it. But she said stoutheartedly in a deep masculine voice, "Well, now, young lady, what's so funny?"

"You look like a bureau drawer," the little girl said, putting her head on the floor and laughing upside down,

which sounded even worse than right side up.

The kid kept it up until her mother crossed the room hurriedly and picked her up by a leg and one arm, swung her playfully. "I think," she said, "Little Miss Tinker is getting a wee bit silly," took the guest in with a glance of a wise mother coping with a childish situation, and added, "How can she be a bureau drawer, she has no handles," and darted a stricken look back at the guest, a smooth round woman shaped like a salami. The mother's grip tightened noticeably on the kid, who

flopped around laughing until she left the room in mid-air, singing "I can fly. I can fly. I can fly."

The fact that this youngster left everyone very thoughtful and vaguely embarrassed was typical of a large area of children's humor which tends to result in high-strung smiles and remarks about running along home now. A little while ago I was visiting some distant relatives whom I scarcely knew. We were all sitting around a small living room, each trying to remember just who one another was and how we were related, when a little boy with

thin hair slicked sideways over a broad round head started to send his younger sister into fits with suave blasé remarks. If there's anything vaguely disturbing to an adult it's an eight-year-old being droll, although I'll admit that this kid's humor was wonderful, in a ghastly sort of way—like Shakespeare's clowns. In fact it belonged to about the same era, if not earlier.

He'd make his face smoothly blank, let his eyelids droop and say things in a flat monotone like "Whoops!" or "Pardon me, I thought I was a movie star," or "Sure, why not?" until his mother was practically in tears and saying desperately, "John, dear, won't you show us the model airplane you built today?" At that John would raise his eyebrows, spin on his heel, with one hand extended horribly, and say, "I couldn't really, you know," and everyone would nearly die of embarrassment, including his mother, although his sister would nearly come apart.

His father, a big black man with a belt down around his knees, had kept out of the reunion as long as he could but had finally come up from the cellar to shake hands with me. He took one look at his son in the middle of the living-room floor, with everyone peering into their biscuits as if trying to figure out how they were made, and said, "Oh, my God! How long has he been doing that?" and got me out onto the porch to show me some cement work he'd been doing.

How to Make Adults Disappear

In other words, I think we should approach the study of children's humor tentatively and with great reservations. A child's sense of humor may play an important role in mental hygiene, as psychology has stated, and it may, as one doctor put it, "keep the mind from over-stretching." But let's not over-stretch this theory. A lot of children's humor is basically a part of the process of evolution and hinges on making adults disappear, and for adults to try to enter into the game is a move that defeats itself at the outset.

I'll always remember one time when I was living in a cottage on a rocky part of the shore of Georgian Bay, I was out for a walk one day along the big rocks. There were just two other people: two boys with smooth guileless faces, clambering around the rocks like goats.

I stood at the bottom of rock they'd gone up, wondering whether I'd try it, when one of the kids poked his head over the edge and said, "Do you want to know how to get up, mister? Put your left foot in that little ledge and your right foot in that hole."

"That one?" I said.

"Now put your hand there and your right knee in that crack."

"You—you mean like this?"

I was now perched there like an old rock formation and just about as immovable.

The kid studied me dispassionately. "Now put your forehead against this ledge and ease your knee out."

"Look—for—I can't move," I said. "What do I do now?"

He studied me a minute and said, "I guess you're too big."

He said it matter-of-factly but it suddenly struck both kids as funny. They disappeared, laughing—into the sky for all I know because I've never seen them again, although I've often looked for them, peering shortsightedly into groups of small boys. I let myself down with my fingernails, my forehead and the weave of my pants. I think it's roughly the predicament a lot of us will find ourselves in if we start leaning too heavily on children's humor. ★

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Spirit of the Bank of Lower Canada

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

scandalized comment in the bank lunchrooms that this appointment was made from outside. Jack Veale, junior professor of economics at the University of Saskatchewan, had written—in a magazine that bank executives read—a series of articles on what he called *The Responsible Conduct of Business*. The welcome offer from the Bank of Lower Canada confirmed his growing impression that opportunities are riper on the far side of the campus. A tall, fair young man, more athlete than scholar in appearance, he was given an office next to the bank economist. The president did not find it necessary to tell him about his predecessor.

BLAKE JOPSON offended horribly Mr. Aikinshaw's image of what the head of the Bank of Lower Canada ought to be. He was the first president in Mr. Aikinshaw's memory who was not tall, slim and elegant, and who did not speak what Mr. Aikinshaw regarded as cultured English. Bulky and heavy-faced, with crew-cut hair and a voice of gruff authority, he appeared a typical American businessman. He dressed loosely and loudly. But, in spite of all this, Mr. Aikinshaw could scarcely credit the way he was being treated after almost eighty years of loyal service.

When Blake Jopson resolutely closed his mind to all attempts to communicate, Mr. Aikinshaw became so upset that he pondered taking the train to Toronto to offer his services to the Bank of Upper Canada, the traditional rival. Only his memories of the kindness of Lord Memphremagog, Sir Andrew and Sir Herbert, working on a gentle, home-loving nature, held him back. And this restraint gave the president a false impression of early and absolute success.

Jack Veale meanwhile produced a talk on *Our New Industrial Frontiers* for which Blake Jopson was widely acclaimed. The *Financial Post* did a half-page profile and the Canadian edition of *Time* was quite laudatory. Percy Aikinshaw was less impressed and, after reading a further script entitled *Banking And The People Of Canada*, which he found on the president's desk, he knew that he had to take action. He chose a late January afternoon when grey skies thick with unfallen snow pressed against Veale's window. The new man, with many periodicals spread over his desk, was co-ordinating his thoughts at a portable typewriter.

"I trust you will pardon the intrusion, Mr. Veale," Mr. Aikinshaw remarked, "but I was most anxious to have a word with you."

"Yes, what is it?"

"My name is Aikinshaw, Percy Aikinshaw."

"Well, come in, I'll be through in a minute."

"But I am in."

Jack Veale finished his sentence, then looked round. "What the . . ."

"Nobody told you about me?" Mr. Aikinshaw was really hurt.

Veale rose to his feet.

"Mr. Jopson should have told you, even though he was ashamed of what he did. For eighty years I wrote the speeches of the presidents of this bank, excellent speeches everyone agreed, and then suddenly . . ." He broke off. "Of course I do not hold you to blame, Mr. Veale, but you can understand why



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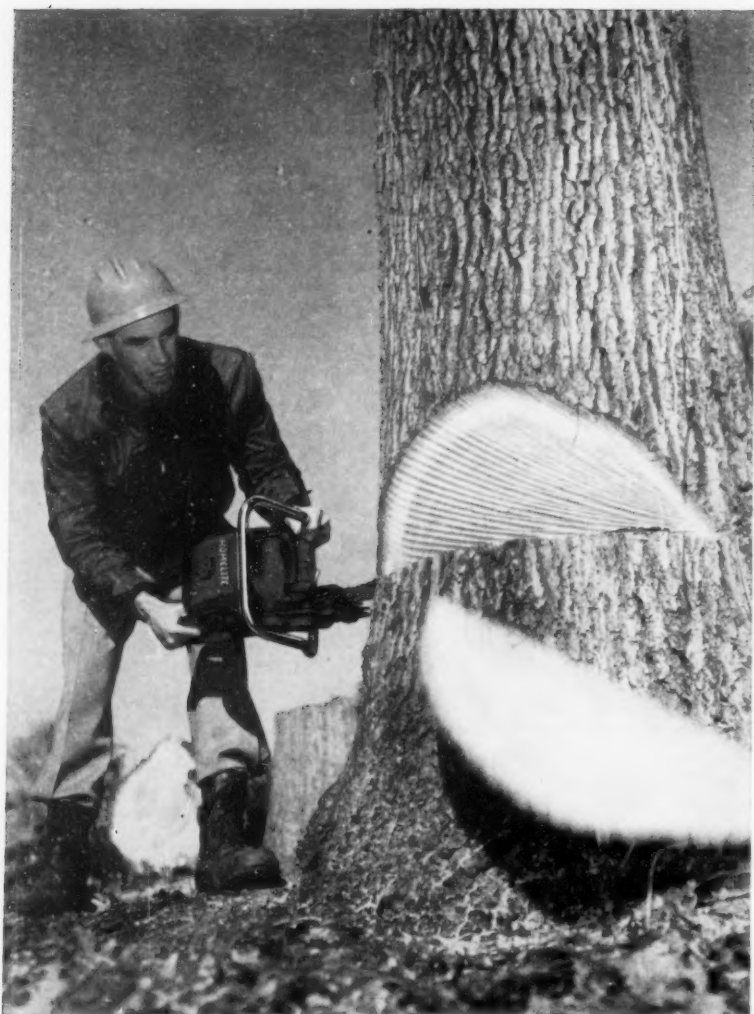
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I feel somewhat bitter about it all."

Veale peered round the room, shook the clothes tree as if expecting Mr. Aikinshaw to fall out of an overcoat, and then edged toward the closed door.

"Please, Mr. Veale. My body died in 1916, but when the spirit is truly devoted the absence of a body makes surprisingly little difference."

"You—you continued to write their speeches—afterward?"

"Writing is not a wholly accurate description. Physical activity is now, alas, beyond me. But mind speaks to mind. Just as I am now speaking to you."

Veale returned heavily to his chair. "Well," he said at last, "where do we go from here?"

"That, Mr. Veale, is what I wished to discuss with you. As you will readily realize, your appointment was a terrible blow. Not that I had any pride of position, although my confidential relationship to so many presidents of this great institution would surely justify it. But the whole purpose of my existence has been taken away from me."

"Couldn't you—er—go to some other place?"

"It seems not. I don't fully understand these matters but there has been no suggestion of a transfer."

"I see. So what do you expect me to do about it?" The gentleness of Mr. Aikinshaw's manner gave Jack Veale back his normal powers of decision and aggression.

"I hope you won't feel offended," Mr. Aikinshaw replied obliquely, "if I say I've been rather disturbed by the type of speech Mr. Jopson is giving."

"And why is that?"

"The substance, Mr. Veale, struck me as reasonably sound but the language—need it really be so colloquial? I remember one sentence in which Mr. Jopson suggested getting down to the—guts of a problem. I was deeply shocked."

"Mr. Aikinshaw, it may interest you to know that I did postgraduate work on executive speechmaking at the Harvard School of Business. The day of the polished phrase, the rolling period is over. The modern businessman must speak as he thinks—vigorously and to the point."

"But not the president of the Bank of Lower Canada. He is no ordinary businessman."

"It's high time he became one."

There was a long pause. At last Percy Aikinshaw urged gently, "I realize Mr. Jopson wishes to have a change of pace but it is surely not necessary to go to extremes. Would it not be of some assistance to you, Mr. Veale, if I edited your material just here and there, if I took a little of the roughness out of it?"

"I was brought in to provide a new look, Mr. Aikinshaw, and a new look it is going to be. I think you should apply for a transfer."

"But, Mr. Veale, just consider..."

Jack Veale finally lost control. "Get to hell out of here," he shouted.

Distressed beyond words, Mr. Aikinshaw retired.

WHEN in the depths of the clothes closet he came to consider things calmly, he found that Veale's rude refusal had aroused a new determination. Stronger action had to be taken. Yet he had difficulty deciding what this action should consist of. The only previous nastiness he experienced he had solved by flight, and in this case flight was not to be contemplated. He was fighting not merely for his own future but for the good name of the bank.

He decided to seek advice, from a man whom he had often been tempted

to speak to. Hitherto, loyalty to the sitting president had denied such indiscretion but now his greater loyalty to the bank positively demanded it.

Marriner Hancock had once held the title of manager of the Westmount branch. His charm of manner had made him a great favorite with the ladies of the neighborhood who delighted to drop in and pass the time of day with him, but unfortunately business acumen did not supplement his endearing personality. Having made too many loans which the inspectors described succinctly as ill-advised, he was appointed bank historian.

It was in this position that he came to learn about the career of Percy Aikinshaw. The full extent of Mr. Aikinshaw's duties was never revealed to him, but there was enough material available to provide him with a charming, inspirational article for *The Bank of Lower Canada Magazine*, entitled *P. A.—Devoted Assistant to Six Presidents*. Mr. Aikinshaw had been very touched by it.

Again he chose a dim late afternoon to present himself. Marriner Hancock, a small grey-haired man who favored the severe dress of the traditional banker and wore spats in preference to snowboots, was happily re-reading the personal journal of the bank's first manager in Dawson City. His immediate comment was, "Percy Aikinshaw? I'm delighted to meet you," and he looked around for a hand to clasp. Then he realized the true situation. "But of course. Christmas Eve 1918, if my memory serves me."

"1916, Mr. Hancock."

"Is this a—visit?"

"Oh, no. I've remained with the bank."

"My dear fellow, what terrific loyalty."

Assured of the historian's sympathy, Mr. Aikinshaw recounted the story of his troubles. Marriner Hancock shook his head with sad understanding. "Our new president," he said, "is by all accounts a very able man but he is scarcely the type of president we loyal servants of the Bank of Lower Canada have the right to expect. And this Veale fellow is a complete outsider. How can he presume to interpret our century-old philosophy? You must certainly do something about it," he added with determination.

"I should dearly love to," Mr. Aikinshaw agreed, "but I cannot quite see how."

"But my dear fellow it is, for one in your position, the easiest of tasks," Marriner Hancock paused, then drove his advice home. "Persecute, Aikinshaw, persecute."

"I do not like..."

"This is no time for scruples."

"The necessary physical action is now, I fear, quite out of the question."

"It will be a pleasure and an honor to assist you. Besides, it is my duty as bank historian to preserve, if you will pardon the expression, our ancient monuments. And I can assure you that we shall not lack allies."

THREE mornings later Jack Veale could not find his typewriter. He searched his office and that of the economist next door, then summoned the building superintendent. Veale, who was a realist, made certain suggestions about the cleaning staff which the superintendent resented so deeply he went straight to the secretary to complain. Every member of the cleaning staff had served the bank for at least fifteen years.

The secretary called up Veale to suggest he might have mislaid the typewriter. Aroused by a certain asperity in the secretary's voice, Veale, who was on the point of arranging to borrow



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another one, determined the matter must be cleared up rapidly and decisively. He undertook a thorough search of each department of the head office. The brusqueness born of his irritation did not leave a happy impression, nor did his attitude to the chief inspector, Gordon Broadhead, when he found the machine in a corner of Mr. Broadhead's personal washroom. "You don't think I put it there, do you?" Mr. Broadhead said finally, and insisted on receiving an answer to his question.

The lunchrooms found this ill-tem-

pered odyssey of the confidential assistant an intriguing subject of conversation. His actions a week later gave rise to yet more vehement exchanges. It appeared that he had peculiar ideas about his position; he was affecting the mahogany wastebasket and patterned carpet absolutely reserved for assistant general managers.

Jack Veale was surprised how many officials found it necessary to call on him, yet stayed for only a brief and absent-minded visit. Gordon Broadhead, however, wasted no time. "Where did you pick up that wastebasket,

Veale—and that carpet, eh?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know?"

"I just found them here one morning."

"Well, nobody has informed me of your appointment as AGM."

The typewriter incident could have been an accident, but this certainly was not. Aikinshaw was at work, a mean and spiteful spirit, and he was enjoying assistance. But this post at the Bank of Lower Canada was too large a step up the ladder of success for Jack Veale to abandon. He debated whether to

launch a counterattack but he could find no suitably exposed flank. He would just have to stand the siege.

Percy Aikinshaw himself now felt the time had come to make another appeal for co-operation, but Marriner Hancock was dead against it. "We're softening him, Percy," he said, "but we still have a way to go."

There are four lunchrooms in the Bank of Lower Canada. The first is for the clerical staff, the second for junior executives, the third for middle executives, and the fourth is known as the president's dining room. Jack Veale had been placed in the middle executives' room, which had aroused no little comment, his colleagues there all being seasoned servants of the bank.

He was most surprised then to receive a call from Mrs. Waterhouse, the manager's widow in charge of the dining service, to inform him that henceforth he would eat in the president's room. He was to take the fourth chair from the left at the third table.

When Mrs. Waterhouse had rung off he pondered his automatic suspicions, then dialed the dining service number. "Oh, Mrs. Waterhouse, this is Jack Veale. Did you say the third chair from the left at the fourth table?"

"Let me see, Mr. Veale. No, it's the fourth chair from the left at the third table."

"I must admit I'm rather puzzled. I didn't think I . . ."

"Those were Mr. Jopson's personal instructions."

It was inconceivable that Percy Aikinshaw would take the president's name in vain. On the other hand, Blake Jopson, a man not bound by convention, would easily see the advantage to his confidential assistant of listening to the conversation in the president's dining room. He decided to risk it.

He went early to the lunchroom and sat at the assigned seat. The senior executives eyed him oddly as they came in, but he had expected this. It was Gordon Broadhead who walked up to him and stated, "I think, Mr. Veale, that you are sitting in my chair."

"The president said I was to have lunch here."

"He told you himself, no doubt."

"No, he . . ."

At that moment Blake Jopson entered and approached the small knot of executives who were gathering round Veale. "Did you want to see me about something, Jack?"

"Er—no, sir."

"Mr. Veale is under the impression you expected him to take lunch in this room," the chief inspector explained.

"An error, I'm afraid, Jack."

He went at once to see Mrs. Waterhouse.

"I told you to eat in the president's dining room, Mr. Veale? Oh dear me no, I never said any such thing."

There was no point in arguing. Aikinshaw was weaving a conspiracy round him; even Broadhead was probably in it. But they'd learn what sort of man they had to deal with.

HE WAS ready for battle when Percy Aikinshaw called that afternoon. "Mr. Veale, could I have a word with you?"

"I certainly want a word with you. This ridiculous campaign has gone far enough. You and your associates won't drive me out like this."

"But, Mr. Veale, I don't want to drive you out, I only want . . ."

"Listen to me, Aikinshaw, Blake Jopson brought me in to do a job for him, and I'm going to do it. I'm going to write him a bunch of the best damned speeches any Canadian businessman ever delivered, and with those speeches in my file I'll most likely move



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"You—you'd tell people that you wrote Mr. Jopson's speeches?"

"Sure. I don't belong to the bank, Aikinshaw, I . . ." But Veale realized there was no point in going on, the presence had withdrawn.

Percy Aikinshaw, horrified, went to Marriner Hancock.

"A tough customer, as I told you, Percy, but we'll fix him," the historian consoled his friend, and then proceeded to outline a new plan.

"I couldn't bring myself to do this, Marriner, if he weren't disloyal," Mr. Aikinshaw said solemnly.

In view of his great oratorical success, Blake Jopson had been invited to address the Ottawa Dominion Club, the most influential audience in Canada. What Does the Future Hold For Our Economy? would surely, Jack thought, establish its author as one of the top economic thinkers of the nation.

The text was delivered a couple of days before it was due to be given.

"Thank you, Jack. Is it a good one?"

"The best yet, Mr. Jopson."

"I'll run over it this afternoon. Then you'll have plenty of time for any changes."

The speech came back with a few minor suggestions and a note: "This is grand. Thanks. B.J." After making the necessary revisions, Jack Veale gave his final text to the secretary for typing, then checked it and sent it to the president.

There were seven cabinet ministers and eleven ambassadors among the audience in the dining hall of the Chateau Laurier. A very senior civil servant introduced Blake Jopson as "the clear-voiced spokesman of financial Canada."

Jack Veale, at a discreet, back-of-the-room table, listened with satisfaction as the president unfolded his complimentary beginning, touching on wise lawmaking and able government, speaking of fair debate and inspired decisions. "And as I stand here today before the men who are building the nation, as I view the future in your company, I am horrified . . ." There was an absolute hush as Blake Jopson peered down at his text, rapidly turned over three or four pages, and then with a large, firm hand shuffled the sheets together and stuffed them into his pocket. Weakness and indecision had not made him president of the Bank of Lower Canada. "Yes, gentlemen, I am horrified at the prospect of what might happen to Canada without such leadership."

The address did not last as long as had been expected; some of the figures, the experts said after, were very approximate, but the language was powerful and inspiring. There was prolonged applause. "You could feel the personality of the man," commented the Greek ambassador.

Jack Veale sat through the speech in a daze, recognizing only occasional scraps of his own phrasing. He thought it wiser not to try to speak to Blake Jopson, surrounded by dignitaries, at the Chateau. He would await his summons to the presidential office.

BLAKE JOPSON sent for him early next morning. "Sit down, Jack. Never had a reception like that before, have we? Did you do it on purpose?" The president seemed as breezy as ever.

"No, sir."

"Then what happened?"

There was only one possible answer, whatever the consequences. "You've heard of Percy Aikinshaw, sir?"

Seconds ticked away. "Was he responsible?"

Jack Veale told in detail the story

of Mr. Aikinshaw's appearances and the related persecution. He was man enough to describe his predecessor as a loyal, rather than jealous, spirit, one devoted to the traditional way of doing and saying things.

"Well, well," said Blake Jopson at the end, "we must do something about that. But I sure wish all our people felt about the bank the way old Percy does."

"I see your point, sir, but in my position . . ."

"It's been tough on you, Jack, I agree. On me, too. Standing up before

that audience with a script that read like *Alice In Wonderland*. I hadn't had time to check it. But the exhilaration, Jack, when I put it away and began talking myself! And knew I could go on talking!" The president dragged himself away from the memory of his triumph. "I shall of course prepare all my own speeches from now on. So there's no reason to subject you to further embarrassment. And if you're interested I can get you a very nice spot with the president of Mont Tremblant Life."

Jack Veale had prepared himself for

an inevitable return to the classroom but he was a resilient character. "Thank you very much, sir. I'd appreciate that."

"Fine. And now, if you'll excuse me, I'm sure our Mr. Aikinshaw is waiting to hear how the speech went."

As his ex-confidential assistant left the room Blake Jopson retired into the clothes closet. He remained there for three quarters of an hour. When he emerged, the Bank of Lower Canada had a new Assistant General Manager—History and Research, appointed for eternity if need be. ★


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Food, Love and Madame Benoit

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

to put things on the picnic cloth. I won't tell you why . . ." she said—and then did anyway, with laughter: "It's because I'm too fat!"

By its very nature—promising something, and then performing with temporary equipment in a crowded set—cooking on television abounds in crises. The jelly doesn't jell, the props department stove doesn't work or no water comes out of the tap. But Elaine Grand, who worked with Mme. Benoit as Living's MC, carrot-caddy, egg-passer and pot-holder, says, "There was never a bad crisis with *Madame*, because she reacts so quickly and with such wonderful presence of mind." Pete Whittall, Living's do-it-yourself expert and a hard man to throw in his own right, recalls, however, what he thinks must have been her worst moment on television. About a minute before one show was to go on the air *Madame*, in the set a few feet from Whittall's, swung open a refrigerator door to check the food she'd use on the program. The refrigerator had been wheeled in on a dolly by the prop department and hadn't been secured properly. The whole thing crashed to the floor. Food rolled and slithered everywhere. "Jiminy Cricket!" said *Madame* mildly. Whittall recalls, "She just picked up the food she needed from all the stuff rolling around on the floor, and then we were on the air. I don't think anybody outside of the studio knew the difference, but all through that program she was wading around in a slough of salmon almost up to her ankles."

Desmond Smith, the CBC producer who directed her in *Living*, mentioned incidents such as this when discussing what constitutes the ideal television personality. "Mainly," he said, "the person most effective is just plainly a rich human being. That's Mme. Benoit." Smith's feelings are seconded strongly by Louise Simard, who directs Mme. Benoit in the radio program *Femina*. Before she became a producer, Miss Simard was secretary to the general manager of the CBC for many years, and from the massive critical mail received at that level formed her own opinion of what a good radio program must be—"one done with truth and generosity, which leaves the listener with something to think about, and Mme. Benoit is good at that."

Centre for all of her activities now is the big house in Westmount where she was born Jehane Patenaude. There the groundwork was laid for the volatile love of good cooking, which, when added to intelligence, training, and womanly warmth, made her the success she is today. The family's interest in food went back a long way. Her grandfather used to drive twenty miles by sleigh in the country to get bread that he considered superior to the local product. Her father was a onetime bank manager who had left that job to conduct his own successful business—courses in English for which he wrote books and made recordings; and he also had an abiding interest in good food. At the family table all through childhood, with her parents and two brothers and one sister, each meal was discussed thoroughly—the cut of meat, how it had been cooked, ideas for future treatment of the same cut. At the end of each evening meal, her father would ask what was planned for breakfast.

Jehane left home first at eighteen for a trip to France to study food and cooking. When she returned, she opened

cooking classes in a house on Mountain Street. In the late Thirties she leased a big house on Sherbrooke Street, lived in some rooms, rented others, and on one floor opened her own restaurant, the Salad Bar. Here, salad ingredients were laid out for each person's own choice, served with French bread, homemade soup, dessert, cheese, and coffee. The restaurant drew ten customers the day it opened, and a thousand a day six months later, served by a staff of twelve. When a fire in a dress-making shop below ruined the rooms *Madame* had decorated for her restaurant, she decided that the pressure of her other work—cooking schools, writing recipe books, and acting as a consultant to a growing list of food and appliance companies—was enough.

Always a Busman's Holiday

One of those earliest clients—Fry-Cadbury—is still with her, after twenty years. Today she has six other clients as well, all of them food and appliances manufacturers. For these companies she tests and creates recipes, writes cookbooks, gives advice on packaging and advertising, and sometimes trains salesmen in what knowledge of food they need to sell their products.

A representative of one of her clients, asked what were Mme. Benoit's strong points as a food consultant, replied, "Flair and knowledge. She knows more about food and cooking than anyone we've ever met." *Madame* herself says, "One tenth of my life is devoted to studying food history." When she travels, it's always a busman's holiday. On a trip two years ago she found in a museum some five-hundred-year-old manuscripts of the Medicis in which banquets of the time were described in detail. She spent days making notes. Often she is able to trace the origin of a

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"Good cooking is a lot like love," says Madame, and women flock to her classes

dish back several hundred years. Who else would know that *le pandowdy aux pommes* came first from France to Quebec and then was introduced to the United States to wind up in a song with shoo-fly pie? In her view, the relation of foods to religion (meatless days for Roman Catholics, dairyless days for Jews) has also a philosophic dimension. "Notice the Jewish food," she says, "often fiery and passionate. Notice the food of Catholic countries, the pageantry of their religion reflected in the ceremony and glamour of the way their food is served. The Protestant, a colder religion, has colder food." When food, history, geography and religion are tied up neatly with a broad wink and the statement that, "Love and good cooking are much the same thing," it is not hard to see why so many women find in her cooking classes a depth they never before had imagined.

An example of how she makes her wide knowledge pay off came at the end of a recent conference with representatives of a company about to start a big campaign in frozen foods in Quebec. They wanted her advice on a long list of matters including what foods were used in Quebec that weren't common in predominantly English provinces, what Quebecers ate for breakfast, the likely popularity of food freezers versus refrigerators with large frozen-food compartments. When Madame named the fee she would require as consultant to this campaign, they were startled. "Don't you think that's pretty high?" one man asked. She said, "In the last hour, gentlemen, you have

asked me thirty-four questions. I have counted them. I answered them all. I didn't have to say, 'Wait until I look that up in a book,' or, 'I'll call you about that on Wednesday.' I know my business and I ask a fee which corresponds with my ability." She got it.

Her second husband, Bernard Benoit, is a handsome, slim and affable man who was discharged a major after five years of overseas service with the Canadian Army in World War II. He now is eastern representative for Rheem Appliances and Heating Equipment, a large sales and distributing organization, and must also be one of the few men in the Western world who receives his breakfast in bed from such a cook. Madame habitually rises at seven to prepare his favorites—broiled lamb kidneys, broiled sausages, broiled ham with poached or boiled eggs, broiled mushroom and tomatoes, beans and bacon and green tea. Their home life has an extraordinary feeling of love and understanding, and they try always to be together in the evenings. For instance, Madame conducts (without pay) a course called Cooking With A Flair once a week at the Montreal YWCA, mainly for good cooks who want to know more. For some time she conducted an evening class there, also without pay, for young brides and career girls, but finally her dislike of leaving her husband any evening won out. Although she plans the course, now it is conducted by others.

Food Must Be Natural

M. Benoit's offices are on the third floor of their house. Their home apartment is on the second floor, and Mme. Benoit's offices and those of her assistant, Trina Vienberg, a home economist, and her secretary are on the main floor. The financial arrangement, with two large incomes coming into the home, is as simple as that in many another home with two breadwinners. Madame's income is not used except for occasional personal purchases and they are saving together toward eventual retirement—"to travel and live happily and even more together," she says. She thinks that perhaps she will have to put off until she retires what she feels will be her most ambitious writing job—a book in English under the title *The Cuisine of French Canada*.

The other resident of their house is a handyman named Toupin. One day a few years ago, hired to do some painting, he told Madame he was very lonely and had no place really to call home. She said, "We have a room in the basement. If you wish to fix it up for yourself and work around here a little, then you will not be lonely and you will have a home." Toupin has been there ever since. He paints, makes beds when Madame is too busy, does dishes, tends the garden, and is never too "squirmish" to split a live lobster when the occasion arises.

Mme. Benoit does all the household's cooking herself, even to making the bread. "I go into the kitchen like any housewife, with the same problems," she says. "That way I know what a woman's problems are, and what they are thinking." If there is one fact above others that stands out in her kitchen, it is her insistence, wherever possible, on foods that have natural flavor—whole-wheat flour, unrefined sugar and rock salt. The latter, because of its grey and lumpy appearance, is not sold on the retail market. Madame got the

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hundred-pound bag that is her present supply by a heart-rending story, told to a salt company, that she needed rock salt for her water-softener.

Madame is never happier than when she can combine love of food and love of husband. M. Benoit is a good shot and Mme. Benoit is a good cook, and that combination, undoubtedly one of the most important of what sometimes are called the eternal verities, never works better than in the bird-hunting season. Ducks will be flying south soon now, and M. Benoit will be shooting some of them, and later will be eating

what *Madame* calls *Canard Rôti de Québec* (Roasted Duck Québec Way). For this, she peels and cuts in quarters three medium-sized apples and rolls them until well coated in the following mixture: $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon each of freshly ground black pepper, ground cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg, dry mustard. Then she stuffs the cleaned duck with the spiced apples and places all in a casserole with one cup of apple cider or light wine, 1 medium-size onion thickly sliced, and two thin slices of salted pork, placed on the duck breast. This she sprinkles with salt, pepper and

$\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of sage. She cooks it uncovered in a 450° oven 45 minutes, basting three or four times during the cooking. *Madame* says that this cooking period should be long enough for the usual type of wild duck, but if the bird is not sufficiently tender after that time, she covers the casserole, lowers the heat to 375 and lets it cook another 15 to 25 minutes or until tender.

A side dish *Madame* likes to serve with duck is *Pilaf à l'Orge* (Barley Pilaff). This has a wonderfully nutlike flavor and is made this way: Melt 2 tablespoons of butter in a large frying pan,

add 2 medium-size onions, minced, and $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. fresh mushrooms thinly sliced. Stir together quickly over high heat for 2 to 4 minutes or until the onions are lightly browned and the mushrooms have softened. Then remove them from the frying pan, and into the pan put 2 more tablespoons of butter. When melted, add $1\frac{3}{4}$ cups of barley. Cook over medium heat, stirring often until the barley takes a light brown color and has a delightful roasting nut aroma. Add the onions and the mushrooms to the roasted barley, place the mixture in a casserole dish, add 4 cups of consommé, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, cover, and bake 50 minutes in a 350° oven.

If the game brought home is pheasant, here is the drill for *Faisan à la Normande* (Pheasant Normandy):

Clean a pheasant and cut in 4 portions. Roll in flour and brown in 5 tablespoons of butter over medium heat. In the bottom of an earthenware casserole make a 2-inch-thick layer of peeled and thinly sliced apples. Over the apples pour 3 tablespoons of melted sweet butter. Place the pieces of browned pheasant on this bed of apples, then surround and completely cover the pheasant with more sliced and peeled apples. Pour on top another three tablespoons of melted butter. Cover and bake $1\frac{1}{2}$ hours in a 375° oven. Remove the pheasant from the casserole and add to the apples $\frac{1}{2}$ cup rich cream and 3 tablespoons brandy. Stir to mix well, season to taste and serve each piece of pheasant on a bed of this fragrant apple sauce.

A Child Can't Fight Back

Cooking is so much a part of *Madame's* life that she is constantly finding reminders of it in the things about her. Among a panel of six prints by the Mexican painters Rivera and Siqueiros on the wall of her office is a picture of a child. For *Madame*, this is a reminder of her granddaughter, Susan Macdonald. Susan, in turn, puts her in mind of food because *Madame* insists on preparing the child's meals. She thinks that canned food is all right in an emergency but that to feed a baby entirely from cans takes unfair advantage of the child's inability to fight back. And so she makes Susan's meals and puts them in the freezer where they are picked up at intervals by Susan's mother.

One day a few weeks ago *Madame* felt she made her point that a discriminating palate exists even in a child. That day she served Susan her favorite food, lamb stew, from a can. "I didn't let her see the can," *Madame* says. "I served it in her favorite plate. I told her beforehand what she would be eating, and she was glad because she likes lamb stew when I make it. She took one mouthful and then gave me the queerest kind of a look, as if she didn't know whether to hurt my feelings or not. Then she pushed it away! 'Pas bon, Grandmama!' she said, and wouldn't eat it. And she had decided right. Nothing excuses bad food." ★

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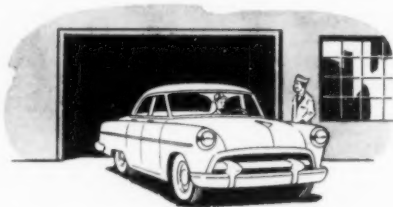
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Can Hypnotism Get Respectable?

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

in Boston ("a complete ten-lesson course for only \$20") advertisements list an oriental perfume ("a soothing aid in producing an atmosphere conducive to the induction of hypnotism; one ounce, with instruction, \$1.50"), hypnodisks and miniature crystals for the induction of hypnotism, and books such as *How To Get Publicity With Hypnosis* and *How to Make Money With Hypnotism*.

The opponents of popular hypnotism can also point warningly to the case in Copenhagen last year where Bjorn Nielson was sentenced to life imprisonment for hypnotizing Palle Hardrup and causing him to rob a bank. Two cashiers were killed during the robbery and Hardrup was committed to a mental institution.

Hypnosis already has a long medical record. There are evidences that primitive man used it, perhaps unwittingly. The ancient Egyptians were skilled in its use, as were the Greeks. The Austrian physician and mystic Franz Mesmer developed a flourishing business around it in the eighteenth century, though subsequently the claims he made for his powers were largely discredited. In the mid-nineteenth century a French doctor named Jean Marcot made use of the science in his studies, and later Sigmund Freud, the Austrian neurologist, reported trying it before he settled on psychoanalysis. World War II with its thousands of cases of battle fatigue—once known as "shell shock"—is considered largely responsible for the current renewed interest in hypnosis as an aid in the treatment of mental ills. Because hypnosis enables the psychiatrist to approach the subconscious mind of his patient directly, it often permits him to uncover as much repressed material in six months as he could in a year or more using the more common psychotherapeutic techniques.

In civilian life, it has the added advantage—in those cases where it can be employed effectively—of sometimes reducing the cost of psychotherapy, because of the fewer sessions required.

Still, some doctors have reservations about its value in psychotherapy; Freud himself, they point out, found that simple knowledge of repressed or forgotten material was not helpful. It is suggested by these doctors that perhaps the only value hypnosis has in this field is in building up confidence in the therapist. Certainly hypnotherapy is not replacing other forms of psychotherapy, but the lessons learned during the war have done much to encourage many doctors to adopt it as an aid to straight therapeutic discussion or the free association method of Freudian psychoanalysis.

It is no cure-all; there is no such thing as a miracle cure through hypnosis. "Hypnosis," according to Dr. Bernard Raginsky, of Montreal, "is only a highly specialized instrument to be used by specially trained individuals only as an instrument."

The use of hypnosis is not confined to psychotherapy. In obstetrics, dentistry, minor surgery and in the treatment of compulsory habits such as over-smoking, it has proven itself an effective medical tool.

Obstetricians have for years been seeking a method of pain relief for the woman in labor. While all chemical anesthetics in current use produce an adverse respiratory or circulatory reaction and are therefore not entirely safe for either mother or baby, hypnosis, when induced by an expert, is claimed to be altogether harmless;

moreover, it does not alter the normal mechanism of labor. Under drug anesthesia, the sensitive area is "frozen," so that the pain impulses do not reach the brain. Under hypnosis, however, the state of heightened suggestion makes it possible for the brain to ignore those sensations which would otherwise be painful. Anesthesia induced by hypnosis, since it depends directly on the depth of the trance, can be regulated by the hypnotist; drugs, on the other hand, once let loose in the body, are far less subject to the anesthetist's control.

Dr. William Kroger, of the Chicago Medical School, has used hypnosis in childbirth. One of his patients, Mrs. June Brindel, reported that during her prenatal treatment "there was no mumbo-jumbo or making with the hands. Suggestions were given in a quiet voice and consisted chiefly of statements like 'The birth of your child will be a very pleasant experience. You will feel no discomfort. You will look forward with joy to the birth of your child.'" At the onset of labor, some weeks later: "There were a few minutes when I felt very uncomfort-

table, but Dr. Kroger asked me to close my eyes at the count of three, breathe deeply, start counting and relax. Then he repeated the familiar formula I had heard so often on my visits to his office. Immediately, all sense of discomfort vanished. I was very calm and could concentrate without effort on the alternate rhythm of contraction and relaxation. Just at the moment of birth, there were a few instants of tremendous tension, followed by a feeling of utter peace... I felt such a surge of affection and pity for the tiny, helpless creature that I was surprised at myself. I

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realized then what a real pity it is to deprive a mother of active participation in the birth of her child . . ."

In dentistry, the use of hypnosis to induce anesthesia is becoming routine. A recently completed survey by Dr. Thomas O. Burgess, of Concordia College in Minnesota, reveals that five hundred dentists in Canada and the U. S. are using hypnosis to induce relaxation and anesthesia. All types of operations have been performed under hypnosis: cavity preparations, fillings, taking of impressions for dentures, extractions, and even root canal work. Most dentists, of course, don't expect hypnosis to replace the usual chemical anesthetics completely, any more than obstetricians do. Under certain circumstances, drugs may be used in conjunction with hypnosis, as in the doctor's early efforts while he acquires a certain amount of skill in the induction of the trance.

Hypnosis can be used to induce anesthesia for most minor operations, and if the patient is capable of a deep trance, major ones as well. A few years ago an eighteen-year-old recruit checked in at the Regina military hospital to be treated for two abscesses under his arm. Dr. S. R. Cooper decided they had to be lanced. Forty-five minutes before the operation, one and a half grains of nembutal, a sedative, were administered. The boy was asked to lie down and relax. Repeated suggestions of sleep, relaxation and fatigue, in addition to anesthesia of the right arm and shoulder, were continued for about ten minutes. When the young man was resting comfortably, the doctor tested him for pain with the scalpel. The patient stirred, but there was no indication of sensitivity to pain. During the incision, while there was considerable grimacing, the boy remained in a deep trance. The doctor suggested that on awakening he would be comfortable, and that he would recall nothing of the operation. Awake, he had no pain, and fell into a natural sleep almost immediately.

The exact nature of hypnosis is still somewhat mysterious. The Canadian-born scientist, G. H. Estabrooks, head

of the Department of Psychology of Colgate University in New York, once defined it as "a state of exaggerated suggestibility, brought about by artificial means." A hypnotized person can reason and remember; he is not unconscious, and therefore not asleep—at least in the ordinary sense. Hypnosis can be induced by thinking of sleep, but a hypnotized individual will respond to stimuli and obey commands, and scientific recordings prove that the heart and lung action show more resemblance to those of the waking state. Dr. A. A. Brill, who worked with Freud for many years, writes of his embarrassment when a woman whom he had hypnotized by giving repeated suggestions of sleep, sat bolt upright, still in a trance, and exclaimed that she wasn't asleep at all.

Can you be hypnotized? Probably. With the exception of children under five or six, practically all normal people can be hypnotized. How deep a trance you can achieve, however, is another matter; only about one person in five can be hypnotized to the point of being able to turn somersaults and still remain in the trance. This is usually considered the last, or somnambulistic stage; in this deep a trance, you are able to have hallucinations involving any of your senses: at the hypnotist's suggestion a cup of tea will taste like apple pie, look like apple pie and smell like apple pie, and what's more, you'll eat it with a fork.

For most medical purposes, the medium stage is necessary; you may open your eyes without breaking the trance and, at the hypnotist's suggestion, you can be completely anesthetized. Suggestions that you will act in a specified manner after waking up will be carried out.

There are two common methods of achieving this trance (though many other methods do exist): suggestions of sleep, and eye-fixation. In the first, the hypnotist sees that you are comfortable and asks you to relax. "Relax every part of your body. Now when I pick up your hand, I want it to fall like a piece of wood, with no help from you. Now relax your legs the same way.

JASPER

By Simpkins

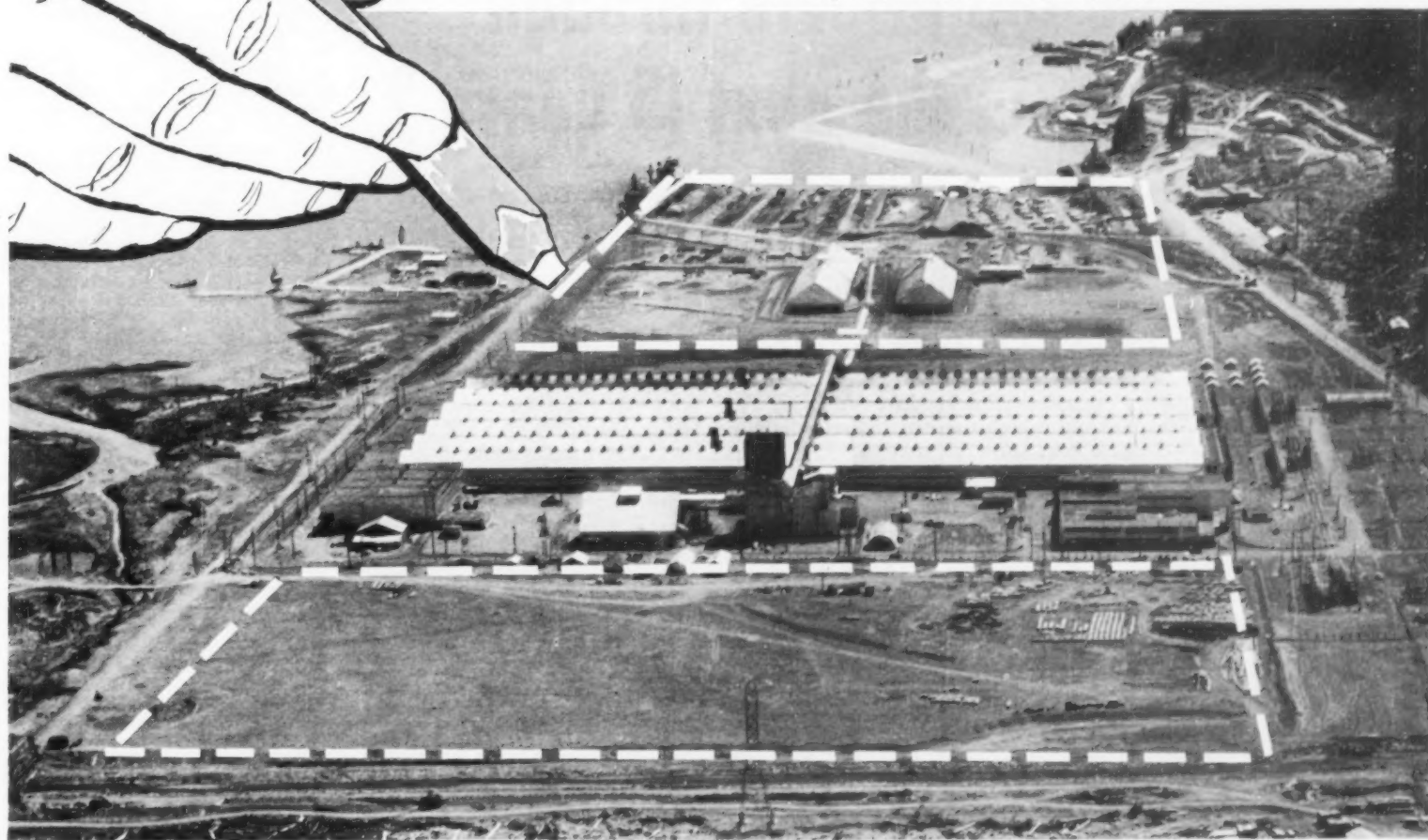


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The eye-fixation method consists of tiring your eyes by having you stare at a bright object held just above your line of vision. You are asked to stare at the object and try to keep all other thoughts out of your mind. Eventually, you will go out in a glassy blank; you have reached the first stage. Now the hypnotist may carry on from here with the sleep suggestion method to induce a deeper trance.

An old method seldom practiced nowadays involves the use of "passes," or various complicated movements of the hands. But the hypnotic pass, as used by Mandrake the Magician, is now largely a theatrical gesture used to attract the attention and to impress the audience in popular demonstrations. In fact, the blind can be hypnotized.

You can probably, with the help of a hypnotist, learn to hypnotize yourself, either by the eye-fixation method or by talking yourself to sleep. Although only the first stage is usually reached, some persons are able to produce a deep trance by autohypnosis, and anesthetize themselves. You need not worry about waking up. Whether you've hypnotized yourself, or someone else has hypnotized you, either the trance will gradually turn into ordinary sleep, or you will wake up naturally.

As you go into a trance, your conscious mind gradually blots out everything and everybody but the hypnotist; your attention becomes focused on him (or, in the case of autohypnosis, yourself) and what he is saying. There can be a dozen others in the room with you—you will be oblivious of them, and will obey only the hypnotist. You are able to recall forgotten or repressed ideas and events and this permits a psychiatrist to make extensive use of hypnosis in the treatment of a variety of abnormal mental conditions. One of these is loss of memory.

Dr. Norman Viner, a Montreal psychiatrist, twenty-five years ago reported the case of a twelve-year-old boy who disappeared after school one day and was found eight hours later in a ditch in a suburb of Montreal. Taken back home, he didn't recognize his mother, his sister, or his dog, nor could he remember what school he attended. Viner hypnotized the boy several times over a two-month period and eventually helped him to complete recall.

One of the most fascinating facets of the hypnotic phenomenon is post-hypnotic suggestion. If the doctor suggests while you are in a trance that you will no longer have, say, a sore throat on awakening, you will wake up to find it gone. This sort of direct symptom removal is usually frowned upon, however, since the underlying cause of the problem is left untreated. Most psychiatrists agree with Dr. John W. Lovett-Doust, of the University of Toronto, who says that "if a patient comes to me with a headache, I can relieve him of the headache by hypnosis, only to find that he will shortly after develop a pain in the back." Nevertheless, in such conditions as paralysis brought on by hysteria, the removal of the symptom usually affords such vast relief that

the patient is in a healthier frame of mind to face the real cause of his difficulty.

Doctors tread very cautiously in using hypnosis in treating alcoholism or over-smoking. Suggestions such as "You won't want to drink any more" or "Just the very sight of tobacco will make you sick" might well have the effect of causing the patient to give up one compulsion, only to take up a more serious one, such as drug addiction, which is not easily treated by hypnosis. (Since the body develops a real need for narcotics, once the habit becomes established, treatment involves physical rehabilitation as well as mental.) In such cases, it is not primarily the symptom which must be removed, but its underlying cause which must be determined.

The hypnotherapist can sometimes get at this basic difficulty by using a technique called "age-regression," which makes it possible for the patient to relive earlier periods of his life as vividly as if he were experiencing them for the first time, and with his mind in the same stage of immaturity. Even his handwriting changes.

Hypnosis can also be used successfully in conditions where no deep-seated neuroses are necessarily involved, such as general depression, stage fright and minor speech disorders. It is in cases like these that suggestions for direct symptom removal are likely to be effective and permanent.

Can You Be Hypnotized?

The story of how Sergei Rachmaninoff came to write his familiar Second Piano Concerto is a case in point. In the early weeks of 1900, after suffering such severe apathy and depression for over a year that he hadn't written a note of music, he consulted Dr. N. Dahl, a pioneer in medical hypnosis. Rachmaninoff wrote, in part, of his experience:

Dr. Dahl asked me what sort of composition I wanted to write. I told him that I had promised a piano concerto to the people of London. Consequently, I heard the same hypnotic formula repeated day after day: 'You will begin to write your concerto, you will work with great facility, it will be an excellent piece of work.' Although it may sound fantastic, his cure really helped me, and already by the beginning of summer I had begun to compose. I felt that Dr. Dahl's treatment had strengthened my nervous system to a miraculous degree. Out of gratitude, I decided to dedicate my concerto to him.

Hypnosis has been quickly effective in the treatment of some speech disorders that have no organic basis. In 1951 a high-school boy was treated by John J. Levbarg, of the Harlem Eye and Ear Hospital in New York, for a high-pitched falsetto voice. Under hypnosis, his voice dropped an octave at the first session and, by the third, his voice was fuller and more masculine. Extremely nervous and shy when he began treatment, after eight months of occasional hypnotic sessions he was considerably more confident and poised and his voice was completely normal.

Certain skin ailments, also, seem to lend themselves to hypnotherapy.

Can a person be hypnotized against his will? Can a hypnotized person be made to commit a crime while in a trance, and to harm himself or others? These questions cannot be answered definitely. Most authorities would say, in answer to the first question, that while you can't be hypnotized against your will, you can be hypnotized without your knowledge, if the hypnotist goes about his job quickly and cleverly enough. Many college psychology

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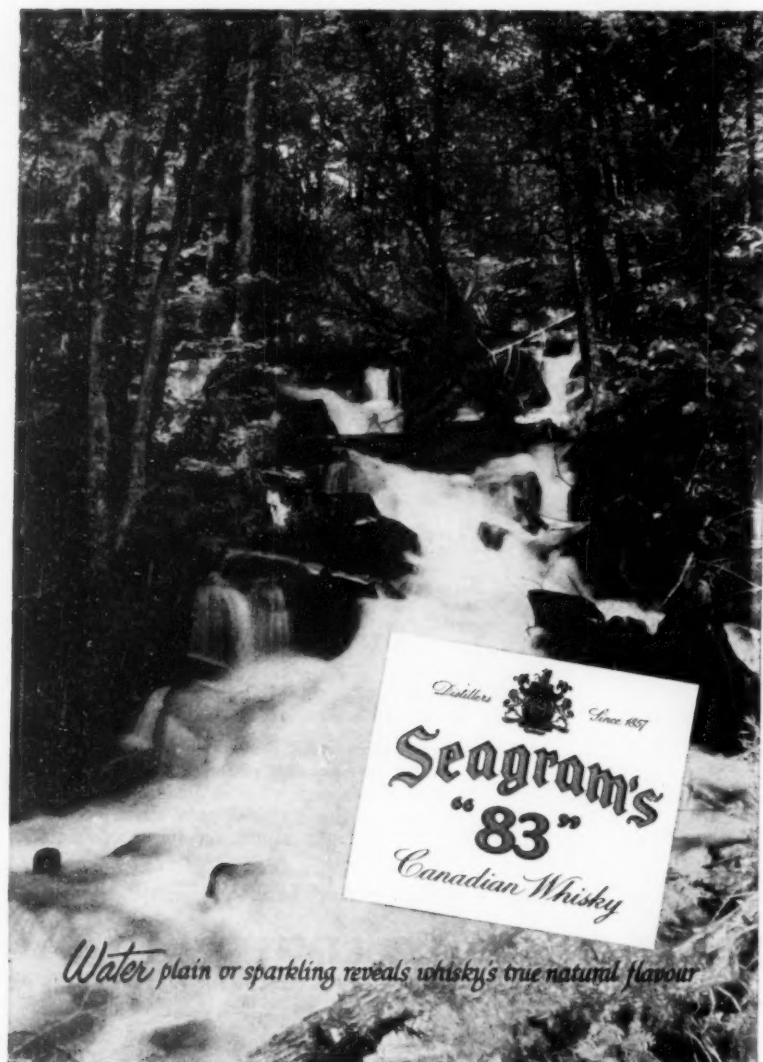


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courses teach that a hypnotized individual will do nothing in a trance that he wouldn't do otherwise: an honest person won't steal, and a person with the normal sexual inhibitions won't disrobe in public. But there is much evidence to the contrary.

Dr. Ludwig Mayer, a German psychiatrist, tells of a woman who had been treated by a hypnotist who posed as a physician. Over a period of seven years he compelled her to steal money for him and to make several attempts—all unsuccessful—to kill herself and her husband.

In 1950 Dr. Loyd Rowland, of Baylor University in Texas, put a black rattlesnake in a box which was surrounded by invisible glass. Four high-school students were put into a deep trance. Rowland asked them, "Do you all see that box?" They all said they did. Rowland went on, "There is a rattlesnake in that box. Go up to it and reach through the opening in the screen wire and pick up the snake. Go right ahead." One of the four subjects woke up immediately. The other three went right up to the glass, felt around for a while (one of them even began to push at it), then hesitated and looked questioningly at the experimenter. It was perfectly obvious that, had there been no glass, very shortly there would have been no students, either. Rowland maintains it is highly unlikely they could have seen the glass. In the second part of the experiment, a hypnotized boy and girl watched while Rowland poured sulphuric acid in two glasses. He said to both subjects, "Do you know what sulphuric acid is? It's very dangerous and can put a person's eyes out." The subjects were then told, in turn, to pick up a glass and throw the acid in the experimenter's face. (Again, they didn't know that he was protected by invisible glass.) They both threw the acid.

Hypnosis for amusement presents another example of how this phenomenon, which is capable of immense good, can be employed for perverse ends. Because most people are not aware that anybody can practice hypnotism, individuals with a flair for showmanship are passing themselves off as having special powers and appearing before audiences in virtually the role of magicians. The hypnotist has no "power" whatsoever; in fact, he is required to exhibit the very minimum of hypnotic ability on the easiest of subjects. He seldom, if ever, explains that he is demonstrating only a small fraction of hypnotism—the induction of a deep trance in specially selected, highly suggestible people.

Rexford North, publisher of the now defunct Journal of Hypnotism, describes how the selection of subjects is done: "Say to your audience, 'Your hands are growing tighter and tighter together.' Wait and look. Then say, 'Breathe evenly and deeply . . . as I count to three—one, two—' look around . . . and try to spot, and have your assistant trained at this moment to select those who are in definite trouble and cannot release their hands, then say, 'Three, you cannot release your hands, as they are glued together as one hand.' By this time you have selected your subjects."

Since, by post-hypnotic suggestion, a person can be trained to go into a trance at a prearranged signal, stage hypnotists find it easy to have two or more "plants" in the audience. Indeed, they could hardly do without them. It is usually a plant who will nudge his neighbor with a "Come on, let's volunteer, what can we lose?" In view of the fact that stage hypnotism is almost invariably aimed at making the subject look ridiculous and amusing the audience, the most significant effect such

demonstrations produce is to discredit the legitimate use of hypnosis by the medical profession. Moreover, the highly suggestible people who are suitable subjects for such demonstrations may easily suffer considerable mental and physical harm.

In December 1948 Miss Diana Rains-Bath was hypnotized on a stage in Brighton, England, by Ralph Slater. He "age-regressed" her back to a little frightened child crying for her mother. The audience thought it all very funny, but Slater forgot to bring her back to the present before removing the trance, and the girl consequently suffered an acute depression and anxiety neurosis for eighteen months following the incident. She was finally treated and cured by Dr. S. van Pelt, president of the British Society of Medical Hypnosis, but the victim sued Slater for three thousand dollars. The jury reached a verdict of negligence on the part of Slater.

In everyday life we have all had some experience with heightened suggestion, even though it may seldom reach the point of hypnosis. I, for one, have tipped tables and played the ouija board, and will affirm, with thousands of others, that no physical effort was involved. But the tables and disks don't move by themselves, and a sort of light autohypnosis must be responsible. Most of us have had the experience of waking up just ahead of the alarm clock; the same force is at work here.

But only when hypnosis has been stripped of all the superstition and mystery that has surrounded it for centuries will it come to be accepted as a natural and rational phenomenon which has immense possibilities for good when used as a tool in the hands of highly skilled and medically trained persons. ★



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The Wilderness Home Where Our Buffalo Roam

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

wood buffalo with heads so heavy they could hardly lift them. One wood buffalo shot in 1909 weighed twenty-four hundred pounds and stood almost six feet at the shoulder.

For a time the range was in something of a no man's land and escaped the blood baths of the early 1800s when groups like Manitoba's Red River hunters marched against the buffalo in military formations, with officers and chaplains and even flags flying.

Then came the wood buffalo's turn to be slaughtered, often for their delicate tongues alone, when the fur traders invaded their rangeland around 1850. The new Canadian Pacific Railway couldn't run buffalo hunt excursions through the range, as they sportingly did on the prairies, with passengers madly shooting at buffalo through the windows of the moving trains. And there were few cliffs over which the animals could be driven to their death. Still, it was bad enough. By 1893, when the government told the North West Mounted Police to blow the whistle, the original herd of one hundred and fifty thousand had shrunk to three hundred.

By 1906, the year the people's cries against the senseless extermination of the Canadian buffalo reached Ottawa and some constructive measures were taken, the wood buffalo's number still did not exceed twenty-five hundred.

It was in this year that Canada bought some seven hundred plains buffalo from a private domestic herd in

Montana. These were brought to Alberta and placed in enclosures near Wainwright and in Elk Island National Park, where there still are two or three thousand head.

The plains buffalo prospered in their new home and the government took a gamble on mingling them with their tough country cousins in Wood Buffalo Park. They were loaded into boxcars—more than six thousand of them in the years between 1925 and 1929—and transported to Waterways, Alta. There they were driven onto scows and floated down the Athabaska and Slave rivers and turned loose in Wood Buffalo Park.

They had lived a soft life, for buffalo, and at first they died like flies, then eventually adjusted. The two breeds mixed, multiplied and produced the impressive hybrid buffalo that Evan Essex found upon his arrival at the park in 1949.

Canadian Pacific Airlines' passengers who pass over the park in winter on the DC-3 service between Edmonton and Yellowknife see the park as a forbidding place. Its cold mossy bogs, runty trees and bleak stretches of rock hint of the Arctic. There's permafrost too, a reminder that the park is only three hundred miles southwest of the tree-line. In summer and from the ground, Essex saw a more varied picture, and it was easy to understand why the buffalo—all but some three hundred with itchy feet by last count—are content to remain within the park boundaries.

Magic With Every Matchbox

Prairie land which covers perhaps half the area is thick with buffalo food, wheat grasses higher than a man's head, wild oats, broom, wild rye, vetch and pea vine. There are salt licks fifteen feet across and two feet deep, the residue of salt springs. The salt is so pure that storekeepers from Fort Smith sometimes carry it away in gunny sacks. On every hand there are forests for shelter, rolling needle-carpeted acres of Banksian pine, ridges of rough-barked jack pine (the bark rubbed smooth where the buffalo scratch the skin at the base of their horns in the fly season), even glades of dwarf dogwood with wild strawberries growing at their margins. And there are countless natural wallows, shallow sandy depressions, where the buffalo sand bathe with buffalo ecstasy.

Even if every buffalo should vanish, Essex saw, this thirty-three-year-old park would rank among the wonders of the north. For there is beauty, in the boiling rapids, in islands shoulder-high with fireweed, in numberless lakes of crystal water and white sand beaches, in summer pastures wild with buttercup and mint and bluebell and wild roses. The park responds to the seasons like no other park in Canada. Summer brings the midnight sun, and in the short season, potatoes in the wardens' gardens grow to two pounds and cucumbers stretch over a foot. In winter there is a dazzling aurora borealis, which the park Indians believe they set "dancing" on the horizon by such advanced hocus-pocus as rubbing together the abrasive strips on penny matchboxes.

A price must always be paid for northland beauty, of course, and in Wood Buffalo Park the price is the seasonal scourge of bulldog flies the size of bumblebees, black flies and mosquitoes, all of them ravenous. The park buffalo have a staunch little chum in fly time, the buffalo bird, which whiles away hours eating insects on their backs.

There are many varieties of wild fowl in the park, and it is now established that probably the majority of the twenty-odd whooping cranes known to exist, nest here during the summer

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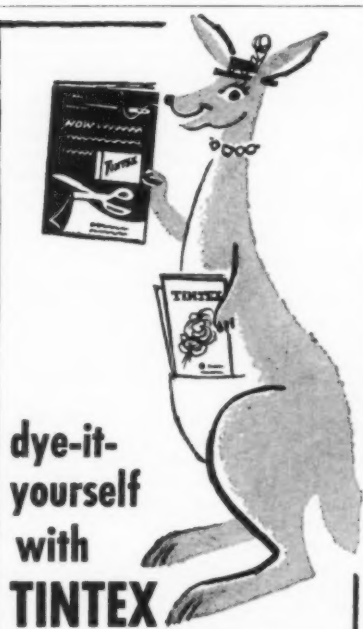
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months. Whitefish, pickerel, brook trout, and even Winnipeg gold-eye swarm the lakes, rich in fresh water shrimp and plankton. The treaty Indians in the park won't eat the goldeye, considering them distasteful, and throw them to their sled dogs.

Here is a seventeen-thousand-square-mile stage and the principal players, the wood buffalo, know their lines and play their roles to the hilt. They graze with easy nonchalance, thunder about majestically when aroused and engineer endless trails with such logic that these are invariably found to be the shortest

routes from point to point throughout the park. The bulls, too, have all the grand physical elegance of lead actors. They are monstrous in their front quarters, slim in the rear. Their horns are thick, curved and needle-sharp. Their humps are high and forbidding, their collar hair is almost as shaggy as a lion's. Their long beards make them look wryly Confucian, and their tufted tails stand angrily erect when they are alerted.

Deceptively, they are apt to play shy and timid most of the year, waiting until the early August rut to catch up

on rampaging. After hardly uttering a peep for months, the bulls summon up booming roars and hoarse bellows. There are battles in which the young bulls challenge the old bulls for the lady's hand. Nobody seems certain whether buffalo are polygamous or monogamous, but after the battle, if the old bull has lost, he shuffles off classically as an outcast and usually remains a sorry, solitary figure until his death. On occasion, two such patriarchs will become cronies, stake out a small pasture that nobody else wants, and never leave, breathing fire

on all comers like a couple of testy old men holding down favored seats in a public reading room.

The wardens and patrolmen try to avoid the crusty outcasts and the bulls in rut. Both are unpredictable, and in the old days gored several saddle horses. No human has yet been fatally gored but there have been some close calls. Recently, a bull rammed its head through the grill of a truck on the park road. Another time, a bull chased a warden right onto the camp's cook-house porch. And almost all the workers in the park tell of being treed at one time or another.

If the bulls are geared for attack in the fall rut, they are on the defensive in the spring. That is when the cows come out of the glades with their dewy newborn calves. Apparently to fend off wolves, the bulls parade in a circle around the cows and the sepia-and-yellow offspring, stamping down thousands of fairy rings to puzzle airlines' passengers.

It is the calves, and the odd feeble outcast, that attract Wood Buffalo Park's ninety-pound grey-and-black wolves. Essex, for one, believes the wolves take a serious toll. He has seen them working in family packs, using teamwork to flip the calves on their backs and rip out their bellies and throats. He says buffalo cows seem unable to comprehend this murder, and he has seen cows watch placidly from twenty feet away while the wolves tore apart their calves and glutted themselves until they could not move.

In their fight to cut back the wolf population in the park, Essex and his men use planes and dog sleds to scatter eighty-pound chunks of poisoned buffalo meat at points where wolves are known to gather, and in the path of caribou in the years when these animals come through the area. The caribou trails are spiked on the safe assumption that the caribou will be followed by wolf packs. These bait stations are clearly marked with signs on which are painted skulls and crossbones and warnings written in Cree, Chipewyan and English, so that rangers and trappers can protect their sled dogs. It is an effective program: recently, the bodies of fourteen wolves were found round a single bait station.

As if Wood Buffalo Park hasn't enough raw materials for one wild life preserve, it claims mineral deposits too. Legend has it that a Roman Catholic missionary, on his way south from Yellowknife, stopped at a point in the park called Fifth Meridian and passed some time panning the Caribou River. He found gold, the legend goes. But he blamed gold for the sinfulness in Yellowknife and swore his Indian guides to secrecy. Obviously, they blabbed all over the place once they got the chance but the source of the gold, if it existed, has never been found.

Far closer to reality is the widespread belief that the park is loaded with uranium. Essex, for his own interest, has prowled over many miles of rock areas and swears his geiger counter crackled like grease in a hot pan. As a national park, Wood Buffalo is not open to prospecting, but the surrounding country has been a hotbed of prospecting flurries. And in Fort Smith, there is, significantly, a Uranium Café.

Mining excluded, there are several ways people make their living in the park. There are Essex' twelve full-time wardens and patrolmen, of course, and for the slaughter, twenty-five or thirty others are hired. The regulars live a remote life in far-flung cabins, patrolling registered trap lines, sharing a park dog-team pool of about a hundred dogs.

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and trapping permits are allotted the Crees and Chipewyans who continue to live within the park, but there is little danger of the hunters stumbling over each other, for this works out to one hunter for every forty-six square miles. Although bear paws still are found drying outside the Indian tepees, the tepees themselves run more to canvas than to moosehide these days, and civilization, of a rather dated nature, has touched the natives in other ways. Many of the chiefs' and councilors' tepees have radio aeries rising through the smoke vents, and the wives work on old hand-operated sewing machines. Every July the Indians paddle their store-bought canoes into Fort Smith, pitch tents, drum day and night on empty Klim cans, play stick-and-button games, collect their treaty money from the Mounties, and return to the park to their battery radios and another year of broadcasts in their own tongue from the Charles Cammell Indian Hospital in Edmonton, and to the mink and muskrat and beaver and otter along their trap lines.

The jamboree is about the closest little Fort Smith gets to the boisterous periods of its past. The last such period was when it served during World War II as a staging post for Canol pipeline supplies. Two thousand American soldiers—all, perversely, from deep South units—arrived in the village, complete with dismantled Mississippi River boats. Then one day they bulldozed a huge hole, buried their power generators and their stocks of Spam, and went back home.

How to Trap a Buffalo

In addition to park employees and treaty Indians, some fishermen and loggers work the area on and around sizeable Lake Claire. The lake itself is fished for pickerel and whitefish and a lake-side sawmill handles the logs cut in the surrounding forest.

But, primarily, Wood Buffalo Park is a buffalo range and Essex' job is to see that the animals survive, pruning the herd annually to keep their numbers within limits. When Essex took charge six years ago the annual roundup of buffalo was on a small scale, and although the herd was increasing and the north needed the food, hardly more than two hundred animals had been slaughtered in all the preceding years of the park's history. Essex found hunters on dog sleds musing deep into the winter pastures, cutting out individual animals from the freewheeling herds, butchering them on the spot and then laboriously hauling them back to Fort Smith. He thought this slow and costly, and fifty miles from Fort Smith he began building a corral. The location was called Hay Camp because of the bountiful meadows at its front door.

Stealing a trick or two from the Indian buffalo pounds of the last century, Essex enclosed one hundred and fifty acres with a high log fence. He left five openings at the prairie end of the corral and hung on them sturdy log gates. He built guide fences, yawning out in a great V for two and a half miles. In theory, whatever entered the two-mile-wide mouth of the guide fence must, if forced, funnel into the corral.

A short airstrip was cleared on one side of the corral and on the other side a camp was built. Today Hay Camp is quite a bustling community. It includes a spacious abattoir where the herd's excess buffalo are slaughtered, a wireless station, a motor transport depot, log bunkhouses, a mess hall and the handsome white house of Herman Pieper, the camp manager, who came to the park from Aklavik.

Essex decided to gamble on rounding up his buffalo by air, with Pat Carey piloting the roundup plane. The park's fire fighters have a nickname for Carey, the resident pilot at Fort Smith. They call him "Wet Handkerchief" Carey, because they say he will land his pontoon-equipped Beaver in a puddle—or if there is no puddle, on a damp patch of grass—to deliver them fire-fighting equipment.

Unlike most bush pilots, a rollicking crew, Carey is serious and methodical. He doesn't smoke, seldom drinks, and blisters the north country with such

expressions as "rang tang" and "Jimminy Crickets." He flies his share of mercy missions, bringing out sick and wounded, and carrying in buffalo meat and medical supplies. And he has been known to take the initiative of "steering" the caribou in the direction of starving Eskimo bands.

It was just this steering technique that Essex was after. Through trial and error, the two evolved a hundred-and-twenty-mile-an-hour Beaver aircraft into an airborne buffalo pony. The four-hundred-and-fifty-horsepower engine became a war whoop when

gunned. When the propeller was thrown into semifine pitch, it produced a penetrating banshee wail. The manoeuvres involved were so hazardous that even Essex looked behind him during his first hunt with Carey to see if they had left a trail in the snow.

It is known that a fairly concentrated three thousand of the park's twenty thousand buffalo winter on a prairie that stretches twenty or thirty miles from Hay Camp. Carey goes after this herd, first circling and quartering the plain in order to spot the larger groups, then stampeding them

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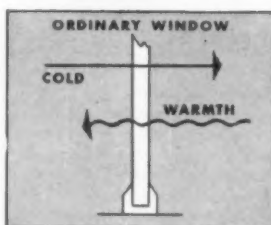
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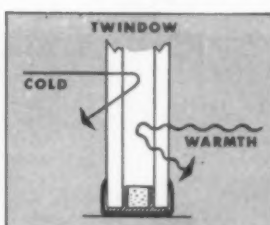
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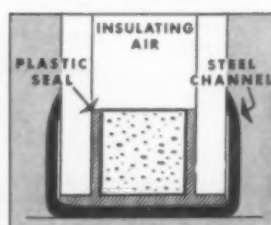
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into a single mass headed for Hay Camp corral by using his plane as a club.

"We learned that we couldn't shock them too much at first," Carey explained during last year's roundup. "If we got too close at first they'd scatter and we'd have one rang tang of a time getting them together again. And if we were too far off on a flank when we dived, they would swing in a complete circle."

It is true that the radical Carey-Essex aerial roundup cannot compare, say, with the murderous effectiveness of hunters on horseback in the past century, although few other factors relating to the hunts are comparable either. For instance, the Beaver rents out at seventy-eight dollars an hour, somewhat more costly than Buffalo Bill at his greatest glory. And the few hundred animals the Beaver brings in for slaughter cannot, of course, measure up against the more than four thousand that the old master bumped off in a single engagement. Still, mindful of the unusual conditions of hunting buffalo in Canada's most northerly national park, Leonard Arthur Charles Orgar Hunt, administrator of the Mackenzie district of the territories, is a staunch Carey-Essex-Beaver booster.

Known to his wife and to the rest of the north as Laco—the sum of his initials—Hunt is a hefty and gregarious ex-Londoner who used to be a Hudson's Bay Company trader in the Arctic. For over-all administrative purposes, Wood Buffalo Park comes under his jurisdiction, although its bulk lies in northern Alberta and only some thirty-six hundred square miles out of the total of seventeen thousand topple into the territories. It was Hunt who gave the order for last year's slaughter of five hundred buffalo.

And it was to fill this order that Essex and Carey were cleared from the airport at Fort Smith one day last winter on a flight to Wood Buffalo Park. The weather was uncommonly mild, and this made for overcast and difficult spotting. Therefore it was not until the fourth day of the roundup that Carey and Essex properly hit the jack pot. Below them were a thousand buffalo.

Carey dived, looped and sideslipped. Flying much of the time at right angles to the ground, he reversed his controls, used his rudder as tailplane, his tailplane as rudder. His turns were so tight he jarred hard into his own slipstream. Ahead lay a long swathe through the prairie and bush, cut a few days before by a caterpillar tractor. It led to the gaping guide fence leading to the corral. With the red-and-yellow Beaver on their tails like a buzzing mosquito, the buffalo, Essex had reasoned, would follow the swathe, taking the path of least resistance. Essex, wearing headphones, was directing three vehicles riding herd on the buffalo flanks—not the steel-blue bombardiers he usually employs, for they were out of action, but a motley trio made up of two trucks and a grader. The men in the vehicles carried rifles.

Carey, with the great herd stampeding before him, made a low-level, blade-screaming pass at a solitary bull standing stock-still, legs wide apart, in a small meadow. The hoary old outcast could almost have hooked the underbelly of the Beaver with his horns. But it wasn't until the plane had passed that he budged—and there he was, four feet off the ground it seemed, his legs already pumping and his tufted tail ramrod-erect, and charging, of all things, the place where he last saw the plane.

The Beaver returned to the stampeding herd and belied in low on a flank to change its direction. What happened was like a game of crack-the-

whip. The buffalo had been pitching forward, snow spraying from their hoofs, in almost Indian file. The whip cracked, as the plane buzzed by, and instead of a thousand lumbering buffalo below, it might have been a thousand nimble ballet dancers, for the animals pivoted as one and charged at right angles across the plain in a line abreast.

It was a twenty-mile drive. For a short distance, the buffalo had burned up the ground; ungainly as they appear, they have been clocked by the Wood Buffalo Park bombardiers at thirty miles an hour. But they soon tired, and the Beaver became more the mother hen, shooing the stumbling animals into formation, nagging them through thicket and clearing and over creek and bog. Behind the stampeding herd lay a tortured trail of broken six-inch saplings where the buffalo had crashed head down through the bush.

When the last cow had worried the



MACLEAN'S

last calf into the corral, Carey brought the plane back to the airstrip. "Well, how did we do?" he asked. He tugged at a branch picked up in the tailplane during his treetop aerobatics.

"The boys on the gate say there were more than five hundred all right," replied Len Heron, a Cree and the lord high executioner at Hay Camp.

The following day Heron led a small armed work party into the corral. Buffalo moved stealthily through the thickets of reddish alder. Myopic, confused by too many man smells, the buffalo seemed unaware of the party's presence. A Cree called John Baptiste whistled thinly, then bleated through cupped hands. A bull swung its ponderous head. Heron fired his .303 Lee Enfield. The bull fell; a soft-nosed bullet had found the target, punching a hole right between the horn and the neck. The bull's coat was a rich brown, darker over the head, bleached almost yellow around the hump. Two skinnners slipped it off as though it were a rabbit skin and a truck hauled the carcass off to the abattoir for butchering.

There were four hundred and ninety-nine more to go; the calves would go free.

Touched with the tragic, like all killing, the slaughter soon must be repeated again, for the cycle of Wood Buffalo Park does not stop. Few plans seem to be mapped out for the rangeland. Evan Essex and Laco Hunt say they would like to see it become self-supporting. One suggestion is that this might be accomplished by issuing licenses, for a stiff fee, for the controlled hunting of those wandering buffalo now beyond the park.

Whatever comes of this, the phenomenal fact remains that Canada's mighty buffalo, after almost being exterminated by man, once more are warming his back and filling his belly, whether he deserves it or not. ★



My first car !

Meet the family. Marie, my fiancée, then my kid sister Jo-Anne, Mom and Dad (he's looking serious because a first car is a *big* occasion—you should hear him talk about his '25 Oakland), brother Ian and our cocker Ginny. I'm beaming 'cause that's *my* Pontiac. What a profile! (Not mine, Pontiac's!)



Here are Ian and Jo-Anne playing their new game, Car Wash. Just decided they'll be car washers when they grow up—specialists no less—only handle Pontiacs. Can't blame them. I'll only handle Pontiacs too. You'll agree, once you've driven one.



Isn't she beautiful? Doesn't she take a good photo? And she handles like a charm. Ditto for Marie, too. But in this picture, my heart belongs to that 162 hp motor. Took the hill like a breeze... and smoo-oo-th. We're both riding on a pink cloud.



Our first picnic—just we three. Civilization is miles away by distance, minutes away by Pontiac. What a color combination! We're tanned, Pontiac is Regal Turquoise and Greystone White. We had so many colors, models and series to choose from, we found *exactly* what we wanted.



Here we are going downtown to show the Pontiac to Marie's folks. Mom, Dad, Jo-Anne and Ian are waving goodbye. Don't want us to go. They still haven't seen enough of the Pontiac. (We were back in an hour, had the car washed again. Hope *that* game lasts *all* summer.)



Perfect ending to a perfect day. The big summer formal. Clear sky, lovely Marie, cool night, real cool car. Top up or down, it's a honey. Just think—that great big beautiful Pontiac is *all mine*! (P.S. It could be *your* car too—why not see your Pontiac dealer soon?)



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

Billy Graham's Plans

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

that the dictated balance of power can be achieved, that pastors whose pulpits range from hand-carved walnut to the barely disguised soapbox can park their doctrinaire problems at least for the duration of the crusade, is itself one of the great triumphs of the Graham machine. It is interpreted by the fundamentalists as indicating a world-wide swing back toward implicit belief in

the Bible as the word of God.

In Toronto, the triumph is being repeated.

Among those at that 1952 meeting in Trinity United was a roly-poly twenty-nine-year-old man named Augustine Ambrose. He was not a minister; he was the former song leader at the Rev. Charles B. (Chuck) Templeton's evangelistic Avenue Road Church, later executive director of Toronto Youth for Christ. Half Italian, half English, Gus Ambrose was to be the key that would turn the deadlock.

There were two elements already

linking Graham with Toronto that prepared the way for Ambrose. One was Graham's individual position as first vice-president of Youth For Christ International; the other was his association with Chuck Templeton.

The Youth For Christ movement, started in Chicago in the early Forties to combat juvenile delinquency, hired Graham as its first touring evangelist. At that time he was pastor to a small Baptist congregation in a basement in Western Springs, Ill. The touring Graham spoke at several Toronto YFC rallies without giving more than

a hint of potential greatness as a salvationist. On one trip he was impressed by the piano playing of Tedd Smith who led the choir at the Toronto meetings and, when his own organization grew, Graham added Smith as a permanent member of his team.

The meeting of Graham and Templeton had turned out to be important to both. Templeton, a former newspaper cartoonist, had taken over the Avenue Road Church—left vacant after church union in 1925—and had filled it by his remarkably effective preaching and equally remarkable accompaniment of electric guitars and rhythm quartets. Graham accepted his invitation to preach there. But when Graham struck out as an independent evangelist in 1947 and within two years became an international figure, Templeton, on the contrary, turned toward the bosom of the established church. He left his one-man show, studied theology at Princeton, was ordained by the Presbyterian Church in the U. S. and is now director of evangelism for its three million adherents.

Several men who know them both credit Templeton with influencing Graham toward two major decisions. The first was to be rigidly careful in financial matters so that he could clearly disprove any charges of "selling salvation." At one time Graham had permitted "love offerings" reminiscent of Aimee Semple McPherson, the Ontario girl who had rocked the Twenties with both her Foursquare Gospel crusades and her equally colorful private life. The second was to work strictly in unity with the established denominations so that the already splintered Church would not be splintered afresh.

A Springboard to London

Yet another link kept Canada in Graham's mind. The most-publicized member of the Graham team, outside of Billy himself, is George Beverly Shea, an Ottawa-born baritone. He is billed as "Bev Shea, America's favorite gospel singer."

The quick-witted and fast-talking Ambrose, the associate of Templeton and Smith, the local director of Graham's cherished Youth for Christ, was in a prime position to pull these strings. He knew also that, after the approaching Detroit crusade, Graham was determined to tackle London. In this, Graham was going against the wishes of his closest advisers who thought he would be risking his popularity on this continent by tackling the phlegmatic English on their home ground. Ambrose wrote Graham that Toronto was, after all, practically English and that a short campaign in the Ontario capital would make the best possible springboard into London.

Graham, still guarded, said he might manage a week end in Toronto before going overseas. At least he encouraged Ambrose sufficiently to send him racing to the Bloor Street study of Dr. Crossley Hunter. Himself the son of an evangelist, Hunter had acquired the perfect coloring for a figurehead: a highly respected United minister, he was still a fiery and progressive preacher. One Sunday he turned the pulpit of his Trinity Church over to a rabbi. Hunter, long impressed by the sincerity and public appeal of the Baptist Graham, agreed to head a committee that would formally invite him to Canada.

Thus began the second round.

Hunter and Ambrose, the dignified doctor of divinity and the T-shirted disciple, hurriedly resurrected the frustrated committee of 1952 and rolled up a roster of new names: Dr. Emlyn Davies, as vice-chairman; the Rev. Douglas C. Percy, of Toronto Bible



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College which itself lists eight denominations on its staff; Matthew A. Leith, of the administrative staff of the T. Eaton Company, to handle the money; the Rev. W. R. Sproule, for the reserved Anglicans; Dr. O. J. Smith, for the independents. The half promise from Graham was enough to generate a high steam.

In Minneapolis the Billy Graham Machine pondered the facts. Another "connection" had turned in a favorable report on Gus Ambrose's chances of getting wide church support. Graham himself was resolute in his determination to conquer London, even deciding that two thirds of the staggering cost (\$350,000) would be raised in North America. The major fall campaign in Detroit could be counted upon to stir up interest in southern Ontario. Toronto should provide some kind of preliminary "British" test of Billy's gay-cravatted made-in-U. S. A. gospeling, and should be prepared to give generously toward the London fund. Okay then: January 23, 24 and 25, 1954.

When Billy came to town to keep his date, with a new Bible in hand—he's worn out more than a dozen so far—the machine, even in low gear, gave Toronto a good sample of what it could expect for a major crusade.

The final meeting of the week-end economy-sized revival—it cost \$10,000—was booked at Maple Leaf Gardens on Sunday afternoon. That morning the Toronto committee invited all the pastors in the area to a breakfast meeting in the Royal York Hotel. As everywhere—though it's pretty rare today—there had been some criticism of the flamboyant methods of the Graham machine, its frank appeal to the emotions, its unregenerate fundamentalism. "Sure," says Billy, "I often try to scare people. When the house is on fire you don't try sweet reason to move people out. You scare the daylight out of them—anything to get them moving." He feels that the whole world is on fire and that God has sent him to help put out the flames.

In defense of his methods, Graham likes to quote the British Baptist leader, Dr. W. E. Sangster: "The man who screams at a football or baseball game but is distressed when he hears a sinner weeping at the Cross and murmurs something about the dangers of emotionalism hardly merits intelligent respect."

After the four hundred ministers had paid \$1.25 each for their breakfast at 8 a.m., Graham talked to them, outlined his theology, specifically discussed and defended his methods. Crossley Hunter believes that at least ninety percent of the clergymen, maybe more, left the hotel thanking God for Billy Graham. His patent sincerity and purpose—"I want to send the people back to the churches"—outweighed the stories of his turkey-red polka-dot pyjamas, his police-car escorts, his headline-grabbing tactics, his tigerish pacing on the platform (wearing a pedometer he once covered two miles during a sermon).

In mid-town Toronto outside Maple Leaf Gardens, even before the pastors' breakfast eggs were cracked, people were beginning to line up for the meeting, due to start at 2.30 p.m. All attendance records for Stanley Cup play-offs were wiped out before lunch as the

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MEET AN OLD FRIEND ...

commons does not only mean a house of parliament, it is a mediaeval name that universities have used for centuries for a light meal, usually bread and cheese and ale. That great ale of England, Bass, is a direct descendant of this tradition. Naturally matured, it provides a royal refreshment of body and mind.



Bass

The ale with an ancestry

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In its war with the devil Billy Graham's modern machine leaves nothing to chance

crush of the teeming crowds forced police to block off a square of streets.

Seventeen thousand is the total capacity of the Gardens; some forty-five thousand people tried to shove in. Seventy delegations arrived from out of town, in many cases to find their places taken by big-city types skilled in getting "rush" seats.

If anything was needed to persuade the Toronto churchmen of the desirability of a full-scale Graham crusade, the six-foot-two "tool of God" supplied it. When he sent the hat around on behalf of his upcoming London crusade, it came back with twenty-five thousand dollars in it. This worked out to something around \$1.50 per head; the average of church-giving in Toronto is twenty cents a head. Then, when the "decisions for Christ" over the three days were totted up to three hundred and seventy-three, including two hundred and thirty-four professing acceptance of Christ for the first time, there were no doubts left.

Crossley Hunter asked all the pastors in the audience to meet in the press rooms of the Gardens. There was such a crowd that when the Rev. Stewart L. Boehmer of Calvary Church moved that Graham be immediately invited back for a major crusade the ministers could hardly raise their right hands to vote "aye." Humbly, and with a smile that his movie look-alike Van Heflin couldn't better, Billy accepted.

And so began the third round.

On that day, Jan. 25, 1954, Billy Graham really began to take over Toronto. This time it was for keeps.

The first date suggested by the further-enlarged Toronto committee, now incorporated as the Greater Evangelistic Crusade of Toronto Inc., was June 1955. Sorry, said the machine, we'll be in Europe then. To give Graham a short rest at his home in Montreat, North Carolina, with his wife and four children, the Toronto date was pushed back to mid-September.

So the Toronto committee and the Graham machine had twenty-one months to set up the phenomenon that Toronto should be now experiencing. This story, of course, is being written before the event, but "the system" is immutable and, short of a serious accident to its star, will very likely achieve its goal.

In its continuous war with the forces of Satan the Billy Graham Machine leaves nothing to chance.

The budget for the Toronto crusade was set at \$97,500—nearly four thousand dollars a day for the twenty-nine-day revival. And it was generally expected to rise to \$100,000. This can be compared with the total cost of \$220,000 for the Detroit crusade (which included \$130,000 for the construction of an auditorium, later demolished) and

\$140,000 for the Scotland campaign this spring.

The spending of such large sums on a religious revival draws automatic criticism, principally from non-churchgoers who feel uneasily that "someone is making a good thing out of it." In London, Hannen Swaffer, famous columnist of the London Daily Express, demanded to know why Graham was "leaving a land of political graft notorious all over the world to 'save' a city where corruption is almost unknown." The Daily Mirror asked bluntly if Graham's income was supplied by U. S. businessmen who backed him for semi-political reasons. The Times rebuked its colleagues: Graham, it said, was "not only a sincere but a very modest man."

Dr. Crossley Hunter, speaking for the Toronto committee, says: "To those who say 'it's all a racket' I point out that Canada's current defense program is costing the taxpayer half a million dollars a day. If the Kingdom of God—or the moral fabric of the country—is fundamental to our prosperity, why should there be shock at the size of our budget? In any case, every penny we receive and spend will be published after an independent audit. Dr. Graham insists on that."

Where the Money Comes From

To raise the first installment of working capital the twenty-five members of the Toronto finance committee followed the Graham plan for financing and pledged themselves to raise a thousand dollars each. They did it swiftly by appealing to personal friends—the Graham machine believes that professing Christians should pay for their own crusades and forbids general canvassing. One member raised \$2,500. The treasurer, Matthew Leith, got a promise from a department-store executive for \$100. When he dropped around to collect the man made it \$200, without explanation.

Under the Graham plan it is assumed that collections at the crusade meetings will absorb at least sixty percent of costs. This meant that the volunteers had to raise approximately forty thousand of the \$97,500 budget before the first meeting. Another Graham rule insists that as soon as the budget for a particular crusade is met collections cease. The only exceptions to this are the Sunday-afternoon collections which always go direct to Minneapolis, and the rare special appeals—such as the one in Toronto last year that netted \$25,000 to help finance the London crusade. First charge on the headquarters' funds is the \$28,000-a-week cost of the Hour of Decision, Graham's radio show which is used to link the whole continent to the individ-



MACLEAN'S

Impersonating the PM

A seasoned politician, Louis St. Laurent is hard to surprise. Even so, he is likely mystified about how come he could have posed enhammocked in St. Patrice, Que., for this cover away back when parliament was still sitting. Easy. Artist Franklin Arbuckle lay in a hammock while his wife Fran took photos. Then he studied new photos of the PM and switched heads. Another man took special shots of the St. Laurent summer place. As we remarked before, it was easy.



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How often have you driven around town searching for a spot to park? There were empty spaces of course, but none of them quite big enough for your car! Somehow, there *usually* seems to be just sufficient room for a Zephyr. But that's only one of the reasons why so many men who "know the score" are buying one of these Ford British-built cars.

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And it's certainly no hardship driving a compact car like the Zephyr Six on *long* trips. Quite the opposite! You'll find this car rides so smoothly and holds the road so well—*particularly on corners*—that you step out more refreshed than you would think, after hours behind the wheel. The Zephyr's advanced *extra-deep* front springing and sports-type torsion-bar suspension have a lot to do with it. But then this is the car that won Europe's famed 1954 Monte Carlo Rally!

As to roominess inside . . . you have *ample* seating space for five adults . . . and the car is much bigger

inside than you *think* by merely seeing one parked on the street. Interior trim and appointments show great care and attention to detail. You can *see* that this is a top quality car! And there are welcome novel features like a deep, car-wide tray under the dash. You'll wonder why all cars don't have it—it's so *very* handy for maps, camera, parcels.

For luggage, you have a *big* trunk. Its full 15 cubic feet gives you ample space for all your vacation luggage needs. But then ample space *without an inch of waste* is typical of the Zephyr, the car that combines luxury with economy running costs.

A trip to your Ford-Monarch Dealer to see and drive this remarkable car will be a visit well worth while. And, while you're there, ask him about the *vast* dealer organization backing all Ford's British-built cars with first class service facilities, coast-to-coast! It's a big advantage they enjoy over other imported makes.

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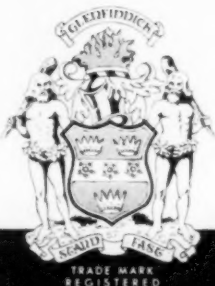


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DAVID
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"I'm no Billy Graham..."

ual crusades. It is carried by both the Mutual and ABC networks and by seventy-seven Canadian commercial stations each Sunday afternoon. It will originate in Toronto during the Canadian crusade.

Although Graham himself is not a charge on local funds, the traveling members of his headquarters team are. Cliff Barrows, his song leader, is the highest paid at \$175 a week; the others, numbering up to sixteen, range down to \$100. The expenses come high. Detroit's balance sheet shows "team expenses" at \$26,065.23. This includes such items as office rental for team members, some of whom arrive three months before a crusade starts and leave a month after.

But money is the last thing that the Graham machine frets about: it has a resource seldom counted in run-of-the-mine business problems—prayer. "The Lord will provide" is a stock answer to many dilemmas. During the Detroit crusade it suddenly became necessary to erect a fifteen-thousand-seat auditorium when a novel aluminum hall promised by a Texas multimillionaire could not be built in time. After a hurried meeting of a group of the main contributors to the local fund there was serious doubt about whether an extra \$130,000 could be guaranteed. Throughout Detroit, in hundreds of churches and thousands of homes, prayers were continuous for the success of the crusade.

Among those who heard the prayers was Nick Timko, the shy self-educated president of the DeLuxe Die Works, already a big contributor. Raised as a Roman Catholic, he had been converted to Protestantism ten years earlier and had piled up an estate worth four million dollars. "I felt that this hitch was the hand of Satan trying to prevent a work of God," he said later. The burly Timko made a series of phone calls to the contractor for the auditorium, to the steelmaker, to the main trades suppliers, and told them that he personally would guarantee the bills. He was never asked to sign a note and the work went ahead on a night-and-day basis. In twenty-nine

days, from first nail to last, the auditorium was erected. The Detroit collections totaled only \$128,000 but the deficit was made good by wealthy donors.

The first thing the Graham machine does fret about is the co-operation of the established churches. In May last year, seventeen months before the Toronto crusade was due to begin, special prayer meetings began each Saturday afternoon at the interdenominational Toronto Bible College. Asking for divine aid and guidance for the local revival, the chain of prayer has remained unbroken, even on Christmas Day. Average attendance was fifty.

The Blueprint for Revival

By last January full preliminary instructions had been received from Minneapolis and the multitude of printed cards, forms and pamphlets were ready under local imprint. The outgoing mail soon reached a thousand pieces a week. The first big gun was fired on January 12 when a mimeographed letter and a small yellow card went out to all ministers in the Greater Toronto area. First it recalled "God's blueprint for revival" as in II Chronicles 7:14,

If my people, which are called by my name, shall humble themselves, and pray, and seek my face, and turn from their wicked ways; then will I hear from heaven and will forgive their sin and will heal their land.

Then the pastors were asked to check any number of the four items on the yellow card. Number 3: "You can count on my church... to select people for committees" was the kicker.

Any ministers who checked No. 3 must have felt in the ensuing weeks that the roof had fallen on them. Their churches were now labeled "participating" by the Graham machine; all others who returned cards were designated merely "co-operating." The final tally showed 240 participating churches and 292 co-operating churches.

The participants each received a six-page single-spaced letter of "Instructions for Pastors" explaining the ten

**For seventeen months an unbroken chain
of prayer asked for a Graham triumph**

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NEW Sani-Flush
YOU'RE MISSING SOMETHING!



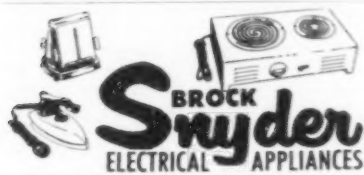
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• Press thumb under tab—it flips right off. Snaps on to close. Spill proof, too! Container won't break when dropped.

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• Cleans toilet bowls faster, kills many harmful germs quicker. No mopping, no scrubbing, no work for you! Mildly perfumed. Safe with septic tank systems. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Weston, Ontario.

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"EXPORT"
CANADA'S FINEST
CIGARETTE

separate committees they must staff. These committees demand: College prayer meetings, ten women; Men's industrial prayer meetings, two men; Counseling and follow-up, ten men and women; Choir, one man and one woman; Ushers, two men; Auditorium, one man; Publicity, one man; Children, two women; Young people, one young man, one young woman; Nursery, two women. Thus each church, irrespective of size, was asked for thirty-four workers; the total voluntary working force was 4,160. The names were wanted by May 1.

By that date, the local headquarters was established in a converted shop at 430 Yonge Street, rented from the T. Eaton Life Assurance Co., its parent company, the T. Eaton Co., put in three thousand dollars' worth of furniture and fittings on loan. The rent was scaled down from seven hundred and fifty to five hundred dollars a month. Douglas Perry, a former African missionary and novelist, who now shared the chairmanship with Crossley Sumner, and Gus Ambrose moved in with two \$45-a-week secretaries. The place blossomed with tables of Graham literature—such as *We Need The Old-Time Religion*—press-clipping books, tape recorders loaded with Graham sermons. At the rear were more desks and a small suite of offices for the awaited members of the Graham team. In the basement, long shelves of storage for the tons of printed forms, letter stickers, car banners, dodgers, song and prayer sheets, counselors' applications; room there also for extra staff when the revival is over and the work of channeling the "converts" into the churches is begun.

When Willis Haymaker, the bold portly advance agent of the Billy Graham Machine, reached Toronto that month to take over as crusade director the local committee proudly ticked off its achievements. Among them was a promise of fifty billboards in the Greater Toronto area from General Motors, plus the loan of Buicks for the use of the Graham team; promises from the three Toronto dailies to splash the event; auditoriums hired—the Coliseum at the reduced price of \$625 a night; Maple Leaf Gardens at an irreducible \$1750; negotiations for closed-circuit TV underway with both the CBC and U. S. interests.

Haymaker immediately showed the local committee something new. He threw a breakfast press conference, a device favored by the Graham machine because it doesn't cut into the working day. He told sleepy-eyed reporters, "Toronto's potential for religion is unlimited . . . the eyes of the Christian world are on Toronto . . . there will be prayer support from all over the world." Four months before the event, he said the attendance would be three hundred thousand. It made page one of the afternoon papers, competing with Eden's win in the British elections.

From Chicago came Walter F. Bennett, whose advertising agency handles a portion of the Graham publicity. The Toronto committee had allotted \$7,500 for advertising. Bennett and Haymaker went over estimates for a morning radio service from most of Toronto's broadcasting stations. They fixed on GHUM which quoted a cut-rate three hundred dollars for fifteen minutes four days a week for eight weeks. Some stations asked five times as much.

Haymaker then fell ill and was flown south to his home in Lenoir, N.C.—he was out of action until late July. Charlie Riggs, of Nashville, Tenn., who is the specialist on the follow-up routine, was called up by Minneapolis and thrown in as a replacement. Riggs, a big beetle-browed former oil rigger,

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A key function of this organization is to supply capital for the development of industry.

In this connection we have been privileged to underwrite and distribute the securities of many of this country's most successful corporations.

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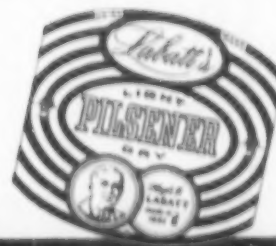
Halifax Kingston Saint John Quebec Ottawa Cornwall Toronto
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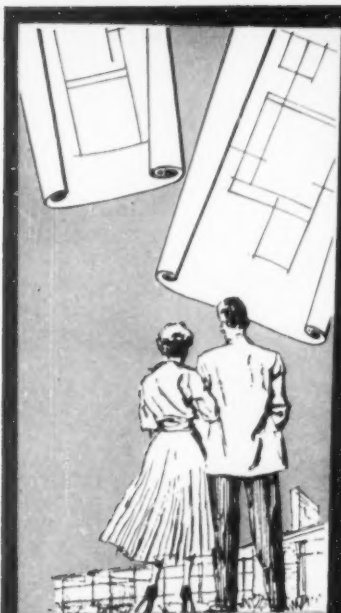
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When thirst has you up a tree it's high time to stop monkeying around. Be wise . . . branch out . . . enjoy the clean sparkling refreshment of Labatt's PILSENER. Thirst hasn't got a chance against Pilsener. For Pilsener is drier than lager, lighter than ale—a thirst-quencher that's always good company for you. Enjoy a Pilsener today . . . at home or in your favourite hotel or tavern.

The only beer in the world endorsed by brewers of seven other breweries. Made to the original Pilsener formula with yeast specially flown from Europe. See the BACK of the label.



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designs for living drawn by young Canada

A home of their own is an early objective of today's young Canadians. The number of home-owners today in the 25-35 age group is many times as great as it was a generation ago. Today most husbands and wives are still in their twenties when they purchase their first home, whereas their parents were generally in their thirties. This is part of the overall pattern which emphasizes the importance of well-planned security, represented by life insurance.

North American Life has assisted in meeting the insuring public's changing needs through a highly trained agency force. Since 1881 many Canadian home-owning families have relied on the protection of North American Life policies—with policy-owner satisfaction in . . .

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TORONTO, CANADA

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Rum

...that is!

Certain countries are the homes of certain drinks. When connoisseurs think of rum they think of Jamaica. So "do right" by your guests and yourself. Always serve a Jamaica Rum. Many brands . . . light, medium or full-bodied. Serve them this weather in highballs, collins', swizzles and fizzes. Jamaica Rum is "BORN TO BLEND".

IT'S IMPORTED!

THE SUGAR MANUFACTURERS' ASS'N. (OF JAMAICA) LTD.
KINGSTON, JAMAICA, B.W.I.

A quarrelsome crackpot had some news for Dr. Graham—he had been spying on Satan

has committed one thousand verses of scripture to memory. He has these verses printed on cards and each day checks a handful of them to refresh his memory. Riggs was followed soon afterward by Mrs. Betty Lowry, a young widow who is Graham's assistant director of public relations. It was her job to get the local newspapers and radio commentators on Graham's side.

The growing force tackled the ever-growing heap of paper work and the maze of organizational detail. Thirty-two more billboards were hired to carry the simple message that time has proved most effective, "Hear Billy Graham." Gone are the days when the machine—a much earlier model—used to run ads that read like circus posters. "Billy is like a Cadillac," says Jerry Beaven, Graham's chief public relations aide. "We don't have to explain."

Agreement was wrung from the CBC to carry the Hour of Decision on the Trans-Canada network for free. The CBC was also asked for free time on its breakfast-hour devotional service which is usually conducted by a different minister each week. It said, "Fine, provided Dr. Graham conducts it personally." The planners were confident the CBC would accept another member of the team if, as was likely, Graham couldn't handle it himself. Invitations for Graham to appear on TV's Tabloid and Personality Parade were filed, as were dozens of requests for Graham speeches from service clubs and other groups. The Canadian and Empire Clubs were early favorites but a final decision on how Graham would spend his free time had to await the arrival of the machine's top brass. Usually two invitations a week are scheduled but, at the last minute, it often grows to five or six. Nothing is accepted that extends past 3 p.m., for Graham must then rest for his grueling evening on the revival platform.

The workers at the Yonge Street office also had to suffer their share of crackpots. One day an elderly Greek marched in and demanded to see Billy Graham, who, as it happened, was in Geneva at the time attending the Big Four foreign ministers' meeting as an unofficial observer. The caller maintained that he had up-to-the-minute news of the doings of Satan, gleaned by peering through a certain knothole that led down to hell. But he would deal only with Billy. Charlie Riggs explained patiently that the Bible contained all the inside information Billy could use. When the man turned quarrelsome, Riggs frog-marched him out.

At lunchtime on another day a small crowd collected outside when a ragged man carrying a Bible opened a crusade of his own. Listeners couldn't catch all his words, but he was obviously making a hysterical plea to the public not to be taken in by the blandishments of Billy Graham. Probably many passers-by thought that he was making a pitch for Graham. A representative of the T. Eaton Life Assurance Company, which occupies the second floor, came downstairs to find out. Asked about the unwanted publicity, an affable Graham worker said, "It's not against the law to preach in the streets."

As the weeks passed, the rpm of the machine rose to a sustained crescendo. In ones and twos the specialists of the Graham team arrived in town and took over their departments. The two large committees considered most vital—the

cottage prayer meetings and the counseling and follow-up—were drawn together, weeded out, instructed and sent about their business.

All the women whose names had been supplied by their ministers for the cottage prayer meetings (ten from each participating church) had been pulled in for a series of indoctrination sessions at Carlton Street United Church. For each postal zone of the city, a director was appointed; she in turn had a captain and as many lieutenants as there were fifty-home units in the district.

Mrs. Burt Bradbury, of 363 Joicey Boulevard, wife of a shipper at Northern Electric, is director of zone 12. Apart from keeping an eye on her zone of more than five hundred homes, she either arranged or attended a cottage prayer meeting every weekday (except Monday) from 10 a.m. till 10.45, starting on August 23 and still, in fact, continuing.

The routine was always the same. The lieutenants contacted the women in every home in their district, invited them to bring their Bibles to a certain house, entreated them to come dressed "as you are." The Graham machine frowns on "dressing up" at these meetings, doesn't allow small talk or coffee sessions, and provides special attendance cards which must be filled in and mailed to headquarters.

Twenty-Five Thousand Prayers

On Mrs. Bradbury's street the religious denominations included Unitarian, Roman Catholic, Jewish, United, Baptist and Ukrainian, but she had little difficulty in getting ten of them—the approved number—in the living room of her neat bungalow at 10 a.m.

The meetings opened as Grady Wilson, Graham's associate evangelist, came on the air from CHUM with a fifteen-minute devotional and news program. The listeners, with pre-marked texts, followed and participated. Five minutes was then allowed for private prayers and the rest of the time spent praying earnestly, sometimes on the knees, for the success of the Toronto crusade. Usually the meeting was in a different house each morning. So, four mornings a week for eight weeks, the machine has approximately twenty-five thousand Toronto women down on their knees praying that Billy's flailing arms and stentorinous call will bring the penitents in their thousands.

The other big committee—counseling and follow-up—likewise worked for months learning the Graham system to be ready to carry on from there. At the moment when Graham makes his exhortation to his listeners to come forward and "make a decision for Christ" and the crowd begins to stir, the counselors, wearing plastic badges and sitting either at the front or in the aisle seats, are ready to guide anyone to

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PERMANENT, EASILY SEWN ON, OR ATTACHED WITH CASH'S NO-50 CEMENT ORDER EARLY—FROM YOUR DEALER OR

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Quick-Acting, Extra Soft, Cushioning Foot Plaster

To speedily relieve painful corns, sore toes, callouses, bunions, tender spots, burning on bottom of feet—use Dr. Scholl's Kurotex. You cut this soothing, cushioning, flesh color, superior moleskin to any size or shape and apply. At Drug, Shoe, Department, 9-10¢ stores.



Dr. Scholl's KUROTEX

Billy. The counselors are themselves under the eye of advisers, mostly Toronto ministers, who can move their forces around quickly by means of a set of hand signals. Thus, when a newly converted middle-aged businessman—known at this stage as an "inquirer"—starts out alone toward Graham's platform he invariably finds himself being escorted by a well-dressed soft-spoken man of about his own age.

The counselor is schooled at six instruction sessions in how to handle a wide variety of situations: if an inquirer gets cold feet and mutters that he's too much of a sinner to ask for salvation, the counselor promptly quotes I Timothy 1:15; if the inquirer decides "there's too much to give up"—Matthew 6:33. The counselor's manual insists "Review Your Key Verses Daily! ! ! ! !". If the counselor sees a convert being hampered by friends or relatives he has a practiced method for prying him loose. He asks the friends to accompany the convert or to wait for him. He is also on guard against undercover agents from other religious organizations trying to make off with the prize. "Sheep stealing," it's called in church circles.

In the Inquiry Room adjacent to the platform the counselor fills out a card for his convert, then, by patient questioning, finds out which of the five "decisions" provided by the card he wishes to make. The counselor is expressly ordered, "Be careful that you do not give the inquirer's testimony for him, but rather question him in such a way that he gives it."

The five decisions offered are: Acceptance of Christ as Saviour and Lord; Reaffirmation of Faith; Assurance of Salvation; Restoration; and Undecided. Numbers two, three and four seem confusingly alike but are designed to suit inquirers who already are, or have been in the past, regular churchgoers.

Immediately a decision is made the follow-up phase of the system is in action. If the convert has specified a church preference, a card is sent to the pastor involved; if not, a committee of local clergymen allot the card to a convenient pastor. The convert should be visited or phoned within forty-eight hours. He receives a form letter from Billy Graham to keep the link forged.

The follow-up will continue for months, directed from the Yonge Street headquarters after the captains and the kings have departed. This work is vital to the Graham organization as it clinches the revival as a church-centred movement. Even a year from now, the implacable machine will still be demanding reports from the individual ministers on the standing and progress of their Graham-won converts. Last June, twelve months after the 1954 Greater London crusade, twenty thousand of the 34,661 "converts" were reported still attending church regularly. Three quarters of them were new churchgoers.

During the summer, as Canada began to feel the pull of the Billy Graham magnet, cities spread right across the country wanted to hop on Billy's band wagon. Ottawa was particularly insistent: letters asking for a Graham meeting in the capital were received from a cabinet minister, a Supreme Court judge, from several Ottawa clergymen. Surely Graham wouldn't pass up the chance for a crusade that might win the leaders of Canada to his cause?

The appeals would, of course, be read by the expert technicians of the Billy Graham Machine. But the best that the bone-tired, if jubilant, Toronto crusaders could suggest was that Ottawa's chances would be pretty good, along about 1958. ★

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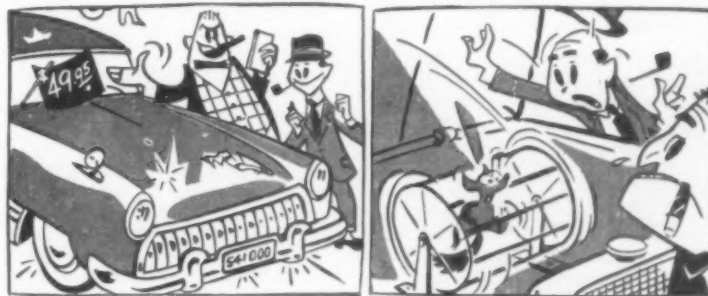


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MILD...
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A beautiful buy... but a cagey closer look puts you wise. Get wise about refreshment, too. Pour yourself a cool sparkling glass of Labatt's '50'. Taste it. Savour its fine golden mildness. Here's an ale that's every bit as good as it looks. For '50' is the lightest and smoothest of all ales—the happier ale that makes anytime a good time. Enjoy a '50'—soon.

THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO

LABATT'S



A GREAT STORY BY WORLD-FAMOUS
AUTHOR OF "THE CRUEL SEA"
NICHOLAS MONSARRAT'S



starring
RICHARD ATTENBOROUGH
GEORGE BAKER • BILL OWEN
VIRGINIA MCKENNA
also starring
ROLAND CULVER • BERNARD LEE



Her captain says—"I know ships
—they're wood and metal and
nothing else. They don't have
souls or wills of their own—I've
told myself that a thousand times.
Yet, mine had her pride and so
she gave up... to die in anger
and in shame.

watch for
MICHAEL REDGRAVE • SHEILA SIM
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in
**THE NIGHT
MY NUMBER
CAME UP**



coming
PASSAGE HOME
starring
ANTHONY STEEL
PETER FINCH
DIANE CILENTO

COMING SOON TO YOUR
LOCAL THEATRE

Mailbag

Which Bible Do You Like?

Congratulations on your editorial, *Do We Need a Simpler Bible?* (July 23) re the comparative value of the King James Version and the modernistic Revised Standard Version. You have seen what many present-day churchmen fail to see—that they should expound the Word rather than expect the words to expound themselves without effort by the preacher.—P. L. Pratley, Montreal.

• I quite agree with you. The beautiful and stately English of the King James Version should not be broken down to suit the language of the present day—including, I suppose, "Okay," "You bet" and so on!—Mrs. H. M. Wheeler, Moncton, N.B.

• Your editorial shows an unbelievable lack of knowledge. The Bible is primarily appointed to enlighten the mind in the ways of salvation, not to enlighten the mind as to the English language. Put first things first.—Edward W. Green, Alert Bay, B.C.

• . . . Would you hide the beautiful message behind a cloak of outdated idioms and words that have lost their original meanings? . . . How many people would attend the theatre if all plays were still written in the language of centuries ago?—Ross Andrews, Strathfordville, Ont.

• . . . I agree with every word you have written, and after ten years with United Church headquarters I cannot understand their complete endorsement of the Revised Version . . . As Dr. Hilda Neatby says, "We stand today on the shoulders of giants" and most assuredly the giants did not acquire their knowledge by easy methods. The language today has been reduced to "Hi" and "okay"—even by people who consider themselves well read.—Emily M. Shields, Toronto.

• The recent report of the American Bible Society indicates that your judgment about the King James Version is also the judgment of the whole American nation.—George Beare, Toronto.

• . . . Would you have us all speak in the same way the Bible is expressed? You might try an article in Maclean's written that way and find the reaction. The object of the Bible translation and revision is to enable us to reach a better understanding of the message of God and not to teach us English.—Stuart Doak, Shawinigan Falls, Que.

• . . . Although I do not believe the magnificent language of the King James Version needs improving I am ready to contend that some of the sermons preached today are sadly in need of great improvement.—Samuel Horrocks, Westlock, Alta.

• . . . St. Paul said in First Corinthians, "I would rather speak five words with my mind, in order to instruct others, than ten thousand words in an unknown tongue." He put clarity and understanding ahead of the euphemistic and obscure. Our

children should not need a translator to explain words and phrases long since meaningless in contemporary life.—Gordon McLaren, Prince George, B.C.

• The Revised Version has lost all the beauty of the English language. We can only hope it doesn't become the standard Bible.—Florence L. Rathbun, Lindsay, Ont.

A Look at Atomic War

I thought *Not This August* was intriguing and informative. It's interesting to have some idea of what could happen in the event of an atomic war. People who protested against this fictional effort may as well say, "We're afraid to face the future; please, no more horror stories—they give us nightmares." Compared to the Frankenstein movies people enjoy, *Not This August* was a bedtime story.—Frances Capp, Highvale, Alta.

Should We Help the Railways?

In Fred Bodsworth's article, *Are the Railways on the Ropes?* (July 23) one question was conspicuous by its absence. How long must the taxpayer subsidize a corporation that gives so much free transportation and big pensions?—H. Kershaw, Nelson, B.C.

A Hero of Our Own

I feel that it is time someone protested against this current Davy Crockett craze. Surely Canada has her own



pioneers who were brave and colorful. As far as I am concerned and, I suspect, thousands of other Canadians, I never heard of this man. Can't we find and promote a hero of our own?—T. W. Faraker, Vancouver.

When Bernhardt was the Rage

In his *London Letter* of July 9, Beverley Baxter stated: "As far as London was concerned there had been no visit from the Comédie Française from 1870 until February 1939 . . ." Mr. Baxter seems unaware of the visit of the company again in 1879; they played at the Gaiety Theatre in June and July. Bernhardt and Coquelin were the stars in this visit. Henry James describes the visit as giving him "an immense lift out of British air," and he smiles at the many members of London society who turned the visit into a social event. Bernhardt became a vogue and she was regarded as a celebrity rather than as an artist. James suggests that this adulation aided her in her decision to leave the

Comédie and to go to America.—James M. Nelson, London, Ont.

• The British have accused Americans of just about everything—now we are responsible for "The Teddy Boys" (*London Letter*, July 23).

The average American has a great distaste for the sickening attitude that England can do no wrong but Americans can do no right. Most Americans would love to see us get out of Europe—and England. Why try to help people who make us responsible for everything that goes wrong in their country?—Elbert Dugan, Huntsville, Ala.

Who Likes the Plumber?

In reference to your article, *What's So Dumb about the Plumber?* (July 23), I feel that plumbers should still be called *plumbums*, as the Romans called them several thousand years ago. I am sure that any high-school student could answer the simple questions this



particular plumber had on his examinations. Plumbers must really be dumb if it takes them five years to learn so little.—George Brake, Summerland, B.C.

• *In the summer no one's glummer than the plumber; But when colder weather comes then he may laugh! He takes a week to stop a leak That could be done in just about an hour and a half.*—M. B. Scott, Hamilton, Ont.

Were You Pulled from the Thames?

Stanley Fillmore's flashback, *The Morgue that Sailed from Springbank* (May 28), brings back long dormant memories of the stories I heard of this disaster in my boyhood.

It is also a coincidence that in April 1911, thirty years later, my chum and I while canoeing on the Thames had the good fortune to save three young men whose canoe overturned at the same spot where the Victoria disaster occurred. We never learned the names of the three fellows we rescued; perhaps one or more of them have survived the years and may read this and make themselves known. It would satisfy a long-standing curiosity.—A. H. Francis, 42 Prospect Ave., Port Arthur. ★

Cool Comfort For Burning Feet

Let Ice-Mint with soothing lanolin keep your feet in cool, fresh comfort while the temperature soars. So easy to apply this frosty-white medicated cream—so lasting in its soothing relief! A real help too in softening stinging callouses and corns. Don't delay. Get Ice-Mint today.

Mothersill's

The fast-acting aid in preventing and relieving Travel Sickness.

for Adults & Children

THE WORLD OVER



Backstage at Ottawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

language, but their rejoinder to the Massey Report could be boiled down into one short rude sentence:

"Put up or shut up."

The flustered and embarrassed research councils did their best to find someone to put up a respectable Canadian share. Last year, for the grants which cover the academic year now about to open, they were able to scrape a small amount together—the W. Burton Hurd Memorial Foundation contributed fifteen thousand dollars, various industrial companies such as Imperial Oil and Canada Packers put in smaller sums, and altogether about fifteen percent of the total was raised by Canadian sources. The foundations agreed to accept this rather pathetic percentage as adequate for one year, anyway. But the Canadian share was not only lamentably small, it was nonrenewable; these had been one-shot contributions, not annual income. Plans for next year, therefore, were still left in the air.

One source of Canadian funds which came immediately to mind was, of course, the federal treasury. Cabinet ministers were approached: Would the Government put up an annual lump sum of perhaps one hundred thousand dollars for these scholarships? In that case the Rockefeller and Carnegie Foundations would probably be willing to continue their donations on the present scale, which would mean almost twice as many grants could be awarded.

Some See An Invasion Threat

Some cabinet ministers were sympathetic, notably J. W. Pickersgill and Lester B. Pearson, both of whom were scholarship students at Oxford in the 1920s. But they found grave doubts among their colleagues, especially those from Quebec. These felt that a large grant for scholarships in the humanities and social sciences would be just as unpopular in French Canada as the Canada Council which the Massey commission proposed, and which is viewed by some *Canadiens* as an invasion of the provincial field of education.

True, the federal treasury already awards university scholarships on a much larger scale than the one proposed by the Humanities and Social Science Research Councils. The National Research Council gives about two hundred and fifty scholarships a year, running up to twenty-five hundred dollars each and costing more than three hundred thousand dollars, for

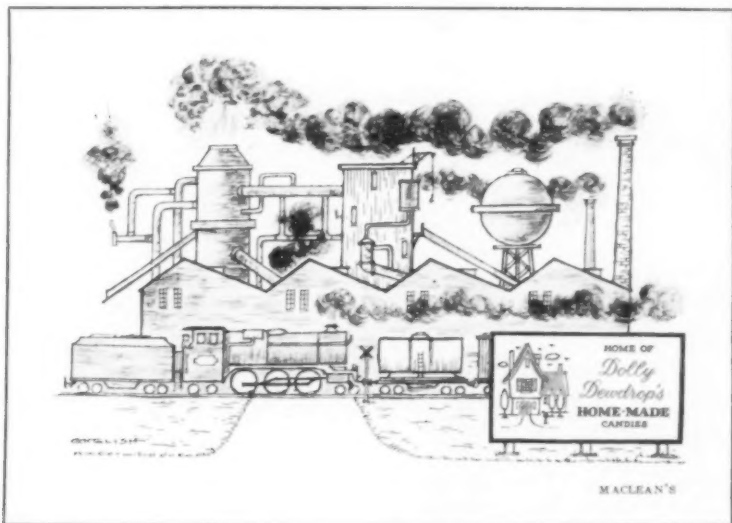
postgraduate work in the physical sciences. Some of the Labor Department's vocational training program, which gives another three hundred thousand dollars' worth of help to about five thousand students and apprentices, is extended to university work. Some fifty-five thousand war veterans went to university at the federal government's expense after the war, and Ottawa is still spending two hundred thousand dollars a year educating the children of those who died on war service.

Why these things should be accepted without comment, and yet scholarships in the humanities should be opposed, is not quite clear. Maybe the apprehensions of federal politicians from Quebec are exaggerated. But for the moment at least, the government doesn't want to take any chances on exasperating Quebec's provincial sensibilities.

This fall the provincial premiers come to Ottawa for another full-dress conference on fiscal arrangements, something to replace the "tax-rental agreements" concluded piecemeal with nine provinces after the 1946 conference broke down. Quebec has never signed a tax-rental agreement, but Ottawa strongly hopes that the next set of dominion-provincial agreements will include Quebec on some mutually agreed terms.

Once the dominion-provincial conference is out of the way, advocates of the Canada Council proposed by the Massey commission will make a real effort to have the council set up. As the Massey Report described it, the council would consist of fifteen members who would award a large number of scholarships in all fields except the physical sciences, which would continue to be handled by the National Research Council. The Massey commission proposed that these scholarships, plus a loan fund also to be administered by the Canada Council, would give some measure of financial assistance to ten thousand students, or about twenty percent of the present university population.

Meanwhile, though, the Humanities and the Social Science Research Councils are in dire straits. L. B. Pearson, Minister of External Affairs, has many old friends among the Carnegie and the Rockefeller Foundation people; he has undertaken to intercede with them to delay a year cutting off the scholarship grants, to give the government time to consider what action it can take. Other ministers have made urgent appeals to wealthy Canadians for stop-gap contributions. But whether or not these desperate measures will succeed, it's too soon to tell. ★



Freak accident causes loss of eye

Receives \$5,000 Payment

While on vacation recently in northern Ontario, a young automobile salesman from Toronto suffered an unfortunate accident during a hiking trip with his wife. Making his way through a clump of trees, the young man ducked his head to avoid a low-hanging branch of a tree. He brushed into another concealed branch that severely

damaged his left eye. As a result of the injury, he suffered complete loss of sight in that optic.

The \$10,000 Confederation Life Policy which he carries has an Accidental Death & Dismemberment Clause. As a result, the young salesman received \$5,000 for loss of sight of his eye. Write for Free Booklet, "Triple Indemnity", for further particulars.

The Only Policy of Its Kind in Canada!
Confederation's Accidental Death & Dismemberment Benefit on a \$10,000 Policy pays:

\$10,000 if you die from natural causes.
\$20,000 if you die by accident.
\$30,000 if you die by accident while a passenger in a commercial bus, streetcar, train or ship, or in a fire in a public place.
Liberal cash payment for dismemberment accidents.



55-20



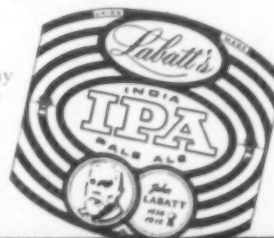
"A job like mine takes it out of you"



"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in," says Charles Wm. McFawn, Toronto.

Outdoors or indoors, your craving for a real man's ale can only be satisfied by an ale with real body and flavour to it. That's why so many men reach for IPA. Charlie McFawn works up a man-size thirst piling lumber . . . his choice is Labatt's IPA. Make it yours, too.

Find out about IPA . . . the ale that satisfies the man in you! Enjoy IPA next time you're in your favourite hotel or tavern, or next time you order ale for your home.



THE SWING IS DEFINITELY TO
LABATT'S



Do You Make These Mistakes When You Buy *Meat*?

Meat is probably the most expensive item in the family food budget. "Canadian women spend too much — and pass up good values because they don't know meat," say the experts. "What's more, few of them know how to cook it."

But here at last — in September Chatelaine — is an article that can save you money — and help you avoid certain mistakes you may now be making with meat.

How do *you* rate as buyer and cook? Read Chatelaine and discover:

- How to recognize quality
- How to save money on meat
- That all meat is *not* inspected
- What grading really means
- How to identify cuts

You owe it to your family and yourself to know the facts. See September Chatelaine for the answers to these — and many other vital questions. You'll find it's one of the most helpful, timely and informative articles of the year. You won't want to miss it.

And in the same issue:

The Secret World of our Teen-agers
My Boss' Wife—Lady Churchill
How to Drive Your Boss Crazy
Chatty Chipmunk—games for boys and girls



Chatelaine

Read by More Canadian Women Than
Any Other Woman's Magazine

NOW ON SALE

A Maclean-Hunter Publication



A YOUNG Toronto artist is just back from a vacation in the Parry Sound district where she not only discovered endless inspiration for her landscapes but the liveliest audience a painter ever found on a deserted rocky shore. She'd been painting for an hour without seeing a soul from her perch on a rocky hillside when a freight engine and tender suddenly came chuffing along a right-of-way close under her feet. The engineer looked surprised to see an artist at work and kept peering back until the engine vanished around a curve. Twenty minutes later the engine came shunting down the track again in reverse, but this time it stopped. Swarming atop the tender were half a dozen section hands. "Now let's have a look," called the engineer from his cab and as she held up her vividly colorful sketch there was much eager craning of necks, interested exclamations and nods of approval. Two minutes later the engine chuff-chuffed away again around the curve, carrying the art lovers with it.

We knew they were fast freezing just about everything these days but we didn't know they were fast freezing *everything* until we read an ad in the St. John's, Nfld., Evening Telegram. According to this, "Blewater Fisheries offer a line that includes among other things shrimp, lobster, oysters, clams, scallops, salmon, small children, haddock, halibut..." And we're not writing to ask what other things.

A tiny store and gas station near Port Arthur has an adjoining yard containing an old-fashioned well and whenever you go by you'll see a man



leaning over it to haul up some water. A local resident thought the fellow must be mighty thirsty till he happened to stop the other day and discovered it was a dummy—the woman who runs the store likes shifty-eyed passers-by to think there's a man about the place.

A Toronto store proprietor has a smart-aleck six-year-old who's conducting a one-man campaign to kill off the tourist business. "You talk

funny," was his blunt greeting to an American visitor, whose pen still shook as she wrote us about it. "That's because I'm from the United States," she replied. The little fellow bit his lip reflectively and exclaimed, "Oh yes—that's what's left of America after you take away Canada."

Toronto's Bloor Street is certainly getting as fashionable and colorful as Fifth Avenue, or maybe more so. The other late summer's day its



smart shops made an effective background for a handsome woman of India, completely clad in a gorgeous red-and-gold sari. And by the hand she led her small son completely outfitted as Davy Crockett, coonskin cap, leather jacket and all.

There's an Alberta farmer and his wife who head for Edmonton spring and fall to see old friends and stock up at the stores. It has always amused their city friends the way the farmer followed his wife from store to store, paying up for what she bought, but never entrusting her with a cent of cash. Finally had to bring himself to it this year, though, when he took sick and couldn't make the trip himself. She got through the shopping fine without spending a cent on anything her husband might take her to task about, and then she went and lost her glasses. She'd never hear the end of it if she arrived home minus the price of a new pair and all through her own carelessness. So with a cunning come of years of necessity she bought a cheap pair of specs in the five-and-dime that looked enough like her own that her husband wouldn't notice. Then she went back to the farm and gave such a convincing demonstration that her glasses didn't suit her any more—falling over furniture, stumbling over words in the headlines—that hubby finally told her for heaven's sake get back to town and get those old glasses changed.

Parade pays \$5 to \$10 for true, humorous anecdotes reflecting the current Canadian scene. No contributions can be returned. Address Parade, c/o Maclean's Magazine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.



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